ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA

Written by

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Mrs Hatchett

To the Reader.

READER,

I *Present thee here with an History of* Argalus *and* Parthenia, *the Fruits of broken Hours, It was a* Cions *taken out of the Orchard of Sir* Philip Sidney, *of precious Memory; which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many Leaves, and promises pleasing Fruit, if malevolent Eyes blast it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier from a Church-man: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have presidents for it; and let such know that I have taken but one Play-day in six: However, I should beshrew that Hand that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this Discourse, I have not affected to set thy Understanding on the Rack, by the Tyranny of strong Lines which (as they fabulously report of China Dishes) are made for the third Generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of Wit, under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the* Oedipan *conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write nonsense, and feloniously father the created expositions of other Men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the Picture, then from the Opinion of better Judgments, conclude whom it resembles. These Lines are strong enough for my Purpose: If not for them, yet read them; and yet Understandings may be magnified by their meaknels. Reader thou shalt in the progress of this Story, met with a*

ſeeming Soleciſm, *which is this :* Demagoras *his ſo foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair* Parthenia *is fully expreſt ; and yet, the revenge thereof paſt over in ſilence, wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuſtly. When* Prometheus, *ſtole Fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial Bodies, the ſeverer Gods for puniſhment of ſo high a Sacriledge, ſtruck him not dead with a ſudden Thunderbolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The ſame kind of Torture had* Ixion ; *ſo had* Siſyphus, *ſo had* Tantalus : *Did then* Demagoras *fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and ſhould his puniſhment be leſs? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands what could you have had more? his accurſed Memory had ſoon rotted with his baſer name, and there had been an end of him : In which reſpect, I have ſuffered him to live, that he may ſtand like a* Jack a Lent, *or a* Shroving Cock, *for every one to ſpend a Cudgel at, to the Worlds end. Ladies, (for in your ſilken Laps I know this Book will chuſe to lie, which being far fetched, if the* Stationer *be wiſe, will be moſt fit for you) my ſuit is, That you would be pleaſed to give the fair* Parthenia *your noble Entertainments : She hath creſt the Seas for your Acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you : To whoſe gentle Hands I recommend her, and kiſs them.*

Dublin, *this Fourth,*
of March 1621.

Fr. Quarles.

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

BOOK I.

Within the Limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath enricht the Hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural Art,
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double Heart
To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal Trophies of a pastoral Name:
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in actick Days,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays:
To all the World, and with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love, whilst her proud Flocks did feed
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Ænead* proudly sings
Heroick Conquests of victorious Kings:
There (if th' exuberance of a Word may swell
So high, that Angels may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory
Whose rare composure did abstract the Story
Of true Perfection, modellizing forth
The height of Beauty, and admired worth;
Her Name *Parthenia* whose unnam'd descent
Can serve but as a needless Complement

To gild Perfection: She ſhall boaſt, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own
Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep Age
More fill'd with Honour, than diſeaſes; ſage,
A modeſt Matron, ſtrict, reſerv'd, auſtere,
Sparing in Speech, but liberal of her Ear;
Fierce to her Foes, and violent where ſhe likes;
Wedded to what her own Opinion ſtrikes:
Frequent in Alms, and Charitable Deeds,
Of mighty Spirit, conſtant to her Beads
Wiſely ſuſpicious; but what need we other,
Than this? She was the fair *Parthenia*'s Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whoſe Heavenly Eye
Sits Maiden mildneſs mixt with Majeſty;
Whoſe ſecret Power has a double skill,
By frowns or ſmiles to make alive, or kill;
Her Cheeks are like two Banks of faireſt Flowers
Inricht with Sweetneſs from the twilight ſhowers
Whereon thoſe jars, which were ſo often bred,
Compoſed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory knees
As if that Nature to ſo rare a Piece
Had meant a Shadow; labouring to ſhow,
And boaſt the utmoſt that her Hand could do:
Like ſmalleſt Flax appear'd her Nymp-like Hair,
But only Flax was not ſo ſmall, ſo fair:
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think within,
Inſtead of Teeth, that orient Pearls had been:
The whiteneſs of her dainty Neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new fallen Snow;
Her Swan-like Breaſts were like to little Sphears
Wherein each azure line in view appears,
Which were they obvious but to every Eye,
All liberal Arts would turn Aſtronomy:
Her ſlender Waſt, her Lilly-Hands, her Arms,
I dare not ſet to view, becauſe all Charms
Forbidden are: My baſhful Muſe deſcends
No lower Steps, here her Commiſſion ends,

And

And by another Virtue doth enjoyn.
My Pen to tread Perfection more divine.
The chaſt *Diana*, and her Virgin Crew.
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue.
In after Ages, which we find expreſt,
And here fullfill'd in Chaſt *Partheniaes* Breaſt;
True vertue was the object of her Will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
H'r thoughts were noble and her words not laviſh
Yet free, but wiſely weigh'd; more apt to raviſh,
Than to entice; leſs beautifi'd with art,
Than natural ſweetneſs: In her gentle Heart.
Judgment tranſcended; from her milder Breſt,
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt:
Her voice excell'd; nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice
To take her for ſome ſmoothed fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel* that had been
A treble ſharer in th' eternal Joys,
Such was her voice, ſuch was her heavenly voice
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick but not raſh courteous, and yet not common
Not to familiar, and yet ſcorning no Man:
In brief, who would relate her Praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what 'tis t' excel.

When theſe Perfections had enhanc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honor, ſpreads her haſty Wings
Advanced her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And with her full mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclaim
Th' unmated glory of *Partheniaes* Name:
Who now but Fair *Parthenia!* what Report
Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But Fair *Partheniaes*? Every ſolemn Feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honour'd and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Partheniaes* glory,
And every Mouth muſt breath *Partheniaes* ſtory

The

The Poet ſummons now his amorus Quill,
And ſcorns aſſiſtance from the Sacred Hill;
The ſweet-lipt Orator takes in Hand to raiſe.
His prouder ſtile, to ſpeak *Partheniaes* praiſe.
The curious Painter wiſely do diſp'ace.
Fair *Venus*, ſets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his Books, diſdains the Law,
And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r ſaw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* fly about
At every board, whilſt others, more devote,
Build Idols to hear, and adore the ſame,
And Parrots learn to prate *Partheniaes* Name:
Some truſt to fame, ſome ſecretly diſprize.
Her worth; ſome emulates, and ſome envies:
Some doubt, ſome fear leſt laviſh Fame bely her,
And all that dare believe, report, admire her:
Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land.
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord of proud command,
Lord of much People, Youthful, and of Fame,
More great than good, *Demagoras* his Name:
Of ſtature tall his Body ſpare and meager,
Thick ſhouldred hollow cheek'd and viſage eager
His gaſhly countenance ſwarthy, long and thin,
And down each ſide of his reverted Chin,
A lock of black neglected Hair (befrinded
With Warts too ugly to be ſeen) deſcended
His rouling eyes were deeply ſunk, and hiew'd
Like fire: tis ſaid they bliſter'd where they view'd
Upon his ſhoulders from his fruitful Crown
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy garniſh his attire,
And his complexion meerly Earth and Fire;
Perverſe to all; extenuating what
Another did becauſe he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any, and belov'd by none:
Revengeful, envious, deſperately ſtoutt,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,

That

That had the Menopoly, to fulfill
All vice, the *Hierogliphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Parthenia*'s Face. As from above,
Fire-balls of Lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruined in the place: Even so
The Peerless Beauty of *Partheniaes* Eyes,
At the first sight did conquer and surprize
The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of strength to hide, or to discover
The tyrannus scorching of his secret fires,
Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires:
'Accurs'd *Demagoras*! into what a Feaver
'Hath one look struck thy soul; O never, never
'To be recur'd! if I had done amiss,
'Hath Heaven no easier Plagues in store but this
'*Prometheus* pains are not so sharp as these,
'Our sins yet labor'd both of one disease,
'Our faults are equal Both stole fire from Heav'n
'Our faults a like, why are our Plagues unev'n?
'Be just, O make not such unequal odds
'Of equal sins, Be just, or else no Gods:
'Why send ye down such Angels to the Earth,
'To mock poor mortals, or of mortal birth?
'If such a Heaven-like Parigon may be,
'Why do ye not wound her as well as me?
'But why do I implore your aids in vain,
'That are highest Agents in my pain,
'Poor wretch! what hope of help can ye assure me
'When only she that made the wound can cure me
'Divine *Parthenia*, Earths unvalu'd Jewel:
'Would thou hadst been less glorious or less cruel
'When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,
'I read the History of my ruin there
'My necessary ruin: Heaven nor Hell
'Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell;
'Gods are unjust; and if with charms, I haunt her,
'Her eyes are Counter-charms, to inchant the
Inchanter:

'Why do I thus exulcerate my diſeaſe?
'By adding torments, hope I to find eaſe?
'Is not her cruelty enough alone,
'But muſt I bring freſh torments of my own?
'Chear up *Demagoras*; 'Tis wiſe mans part
'Not to looſe all, if his unpractis'd art
'Serves not to gain, A Gamſter may not chuſe
'His chance: It is ſome conqueſt, not to looſe,
'Look to thy ſelf: let no injurous blaſt
'Of cold deſpair chill thy green wounds too faſt
'For time to cure: O hope for no remiſſion
'Of pain, till *Cupid* ſend the a Phyſician.
'She is a Woman, if a Woman, then
'My title's good: Woman were made for men.
'She is a Woman, though her Heavenly Brow
'Write *Angle*, and may ſtoop, although not now
'Woman, by looks will not be underſtood
'Until their hearts adviſe with fleſh and blood
'She is a Woman. There's no reaſon why
'But ſhe (perchance may burn as well as I.
'Move then, *Demagoras*, let *Parthenia* know
'The ſtrength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
'Fear not, what thou ador'ſt? begin to move,
'Chriſs-Croſs foreruns the *Alphabet* of love.
'Tis half Perfected, what is once begun;
'She is a Woman, and ſhe muſt be won.

Like as a Swain, whoſe hands hath made a vow
And ſworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,
Preſt out for ſervice in the Martial Camp,
At firſt (unentred) finds a lively damp
Beleag'ring every joint, as often ſwounds
As here he views his Sword, or think of wounds;
At length (not finding any means for flying,
Switches & ſpurr'd on with deſp'rate fear of dying)
He hews! he hacks, and in the midſt he goes,
And freſhly deals about his frantick blows,
Even ſo *Demagoras* whoſe unbred faſhion
Had never yet ſubſcrib'd to loves ſweet paſſion,

Being

Being call'd a Combatant to Cupids field,
Trembles, and secretly resolves to yield
The day without a parley, till at length,
Fiercely transported by th'untutor'd strength
Of his own passion, he himself assures,
That desprate torments must have desprate cur's
And thus to the divine *Parthenia*'s ears
Applies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.

'Fairest of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue,
'To right it self, should do your patience wrong
'And lawless passion makes it too too free,
'O blame your heavenly beauty, and not me;
'it was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
'Enforc'd my Tongue to speak, or heart to burst
'From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound
'Which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound
'But by the hand that struck: To you alone,
'I sue for help, that else must look for none.
'Then crown my joys. thou *Antidote* of despair,
'And be as merciful as you art fair;
'Nature, (the bounties of whose liberal hand
'Made thee the Jewel of the *Arcadian* Land)
'Intended in so rare a prize to boast
'Her master-piece: Hid Jewels are but lost;
'Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
'But honor her, as she hath honor'd you.
'Let not the best of all her works lye dead
'In the nice Casket of a Maidenhead;
'What she would have reveal'd O do not smother
'Th'art maid in vain, unless thou make another:
'Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
'Lest thou shalt want a heart, I'll give thee mine,
'As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
'As thou with virtue, or thine eyes with beauty
why dost thou frown? why does that heavenly brow
'Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?
'Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine and the while
'O lend me but the twilight of a smile.

Give me one amorus glance why ſtand thou mute
Diſcloſe thoſe ruby Lips, and grant my ſuit:
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent
'To ſilence, let that ſilence be conſent,
'Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
'My words may ſeem t'emplead my own deſert
'Diſdain me not, although my thoughts deſcend
'Below themſelves. t'enjoy ſo fair a Friend.
'I that have often with tears been ſought to. ſue.
'And Queens have been his ſervants that ſerve you
'the beauties of all *Greece* have been at ſtrife.
'To win the name of great *Demagoras* wife
'And been deſpis'd not worthy to obtain
'So high an honor; what they ſought (in vain)
'I here preſent thee with, as thine own due,
'It being an honor fit for none but you:
'Speak then (my love) and let thy lips make known
'That I am either thine or not my own.
Have you beheld when freſh *Aurora*'s eye
Sends forth her early beams, snd by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and ſhrouds
Her Cheek behind a ruddy mask of Clouds,
Which who believe in *Erra Pater* ſay.
Preſages wind and bluſtring ſtorms that day
Such were *Parthenia*'s looks: in whoſe fair face
Roſes and Lillies late had equal place.
But now, 'twixt Maiden baſhfulneſs, and ſpleen.
Roſes appear'd and Lillies were not ſeen:
She pauſ'd a while, till at laſt, ſhe breaks
Her long-kept angry ſilence, thus. and ſpeaks.

'My Lord,
'Had your ſtrong Oratory, but the art.
'To make me conſcious of ſo great deſert
'As you perſwade, I ſhould be bound in duty
'To praiſe your Rhet'rick as you praiſe my beauty
'Or if the frailty of my judgement could
'Flatter my thoughts ſo groſly, as to hold

Your

' Your Words for currant, you might boldly dare
' Count me as foolish, as you term me fair.
' If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I
' Have not so strong a game, to see the vie :
' Alas ! my Skill durst never undertake
' To play the game, where Hearts be set at stake
' Needs must the loss be great when such ha' been
' Seldom observ'd to save themselves that win :
' You crave my heart my Lord, you crave withal
' too great a Mischief, my poor heart's too small
' To fill the concave of so great a Breast,
' Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request
' Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain
' And factious suits of Ladies with disdain :
' Stoop not so low beneath your self (great Lord)
' To love *Parthenia* : Shall so poor a Word
' Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
' A more transcendent fortune, than that Name
' Can give, call down *Jove*'s winged Pursuivant
' And give his Tongue the power to inchant
' Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
' A Marriage fitting so sublime, so great
' A mind as yours: and fill the fruitful Earth
' With *Heroes* sprung from so devine a Birth :
' *Parthenia*'s Heart could never yet aspire [fire
' So high her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r de-
' So fond an honour matcht with so great pride
' To hope for that which Queens have been deny'd
' Be wise, my Lord ; vouchsafe not to repeat
' So unfit a Suit : Be wise as you are great :
' Advance your noble thoughts, hazard no more
' To wrack your Fortunes on so fleet a Shore ;
' That to the wiser World, it may be known,
' The less y'er mine, the more you are own.

Like as a guilty Prisoner, upon whom
Offended Justice lately past her doom.
Stands trembling by, and hopeless to prevail,
Bguls not for Mercy : But to the loath'd Jail

Drags

Drags his ſad Irons, and from thence commends
A haſty ſuit to his ſelected Friends,
That by the Virtue of a quick Reprieve,
The wretch may have ſome few days more to live
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe rewounded Heart
Had newly felt the unexpected ſmart
And ſecret burthen of a deſperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room
And in his diſcontented mind, revolves
Ten thouſand thoughts, and at the laſt reſolves
What courſe to run, relying on no other
But the aſſiſtance of *Parthenia*'s Mother.
Forthwith his fierce miſguided Paſſion drove
His wandring Steps to the adjoining Grove;
A keen Steeletto in his trembling Hand
He rudely grip'd; upon his Lips did ſtand,
A milk white froth his eyes like flames ſometimes
He curſes Heaven, himſelf, and then the times
Rails at the proud *Parthenia*, raves, deſpairs;
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;
Curſes the Womb that bare him, bans the Fates,
And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates;
Why dyſt thou not Demagoras, *when as Death*
Lends thee a Weapon? Can the whining Breath
Of Diſcontents and Paſſion, ſend relief
To thy Diſtraction, or aſſwage thy Grief?
Why mov'ſt thou not the Gods? or, rather, why
Do'ſt not contemn, and ſcorn their power, and die
But ſtay! Of whom doſt thou complain? a Woman,
To whom (fond man) doſt thou complain, a Woman
And ſhall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee
Or ſhall a womans wanton ſmile relieve thee?
Fie, fie, Demagoras, *ſhall a woman's Eye*
Prevail to make the ſtout Demagoras *die,*
And leave to after-times an entred name
Ith' Calender of Fools? Rouze up for ſhame
Thy waſted Spirits, whet thy Spleen and live
To be reveng'd. She, ſhe, that would not give

Admit-

Admittance to thy proffer'd Love must drink
The portion of thy hate: Stir then the Sink
Of all thy Passion; where thou canst not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin-like, constrain.
But hold thy Hand. Demagoras, *and advise;*
Art gives Advantage oft where Force denies:
Suspend thy Fury: Make Parthenia's *Mother*
Thy means: One Adamant will cut another.
Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory;
Affect her tender Heart with the sad Story
Of thy dear love: Extol Parthenia's *Beauty.*
But most of all urge that deserved duty
Thou owst her Vertue, and make that the ground
Of thy first love, that gave thy Heart the Wound:
Mingle thy Words with Sighs; and it is meet,
If thou canst force a Tear, to let her see't.
Against thy Will. Let thy false Tongue forbear
No vows, and tho' thou beest forsworn, yet swear:
If e're thy barren lips shall chance to pause,
For want of Words, Parthenia *is the cause,*
Who hath benum'd thy Heart; if e're thou go
Beyond their Lists, Parthenia *made them so:*
Withal, be sure, when e're thou shalt advance
The daughters Vertues, let the Glory glance
Upon the prudent Mother: Women care not
To hear too much of virtue, if they share not
When thus thou hast prepar'd thy melting Ear,
To soft Attention, closely in the rear
Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad Petition
That she would please to favour the condition
Of a distressed Lover and afford
In thy Behalf, a Mothers timely Word;
So shalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a wild,
And make the Mother Baud to her own Child.

He paused not, but like a rash Projector
(whose frantick Passion was supream Director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second
Which might been bettered by Advice, and

reckon'd All

All time but loſt, which he beſtowed not
On the execution of this hopeful plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he devided
Towards the Summer Palace, where reſided
The fair *Parthenia*'s Mother; boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventures
To break the Ice of his diſſembled Grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs reliefs

Madam,
The hopeful thriving of my ſuit depends
Upon your goodneſs, and it recommends
It ſelf unto your Favour, from whoſe Hand
It muſt have Sentence, for to fall, or ſtand:
Thrice three times hath the Soveraign of the night,
Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since theſe ſad Eyes, theſe beauty blaſted Eyes,
Were ſtricken by a Light that did ariſe
From your bleſt Womb, whoſe unaſſwaged ſmart
Hath pierc'd my Soul, and wounded my poor Heart
It is the fair Parthenia, *whoſe divine*
And glorious virtue led theſe Eyes of mine
To their own Ruin: Like a wanton Fly,
I dallied with the Flame of her bright Eye,
Till I have burn'd my Wings. O, if to love
Be held a Sin, the guilty Gods above
(Being fellow Sinners with us, and commit
The ſelf ſame Crimes) may eaſily pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, *that haſt got*
A ſacred Priviledge which the Gods have not,
If thou haſt doom'd that I ſhall be bereaven
Of my loath'd Life, yet let me die forgiven;
And welcome Death that with one happy blow
Gives me more eaſe than Life could ever do.
Madam, to whom ſhould my ſad Words appeal
But you? Alas to whom ſhould I reveal
My dying thoughts, but unto you that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to ſave

My

My waſted Life; the Language of a Mother
Moves more than Tears, that trickle from another.
With that a well diſſembled drop did ſlide
From his falſe Eyes. The Lady thus Reply'd:

My Honourable Lord,
If my untimely Anſwer hath prevented,
Some farther Words, our Paſſion would have vented;
Pardon my haſt, which in a ruder faſhion
Sought only to divide you from your paſſion:
The Love you bear Parthenia, *muſt claim*
The priviledge of mine Ear, and in her Name,
(Though from an abſent mind, as yet unknown)
Return I Thanks with intereſt of mine own.
The little judgment that the Gods have lent
Her downey Tears (though in a ſmall extent)
Does challenge the whole Freedom of her choice,
In the Reſignment of a Mothers voice:
The ſprightly fancies of a Virgins mind,
Enter themſelves and hate to be confin'd:
The hidden Embers of a Lovers fire
Deſires no Bellows, but their own deſire;
And like to Dedalus *his Forge, if blown*
Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:
Lovers affect without adviſement, that
Which being moſt perſwaded to, they hate:
My Lord, adjourn your paſſion, and refer
The Fortune of your Suit to time, and her.
Like to a Pinnace is a Lovers mind,
The Sail his fancy is: a ſtorm of Wind:
His uncontrouled paſſion; the Stears
His Reaſons, Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:
Your ſtorm being great, like a wiſe Pilot bear
But little Sail, and ſtoutly ply the Stear.
Leave then the Violence of your thoughts to me,
My Lord, too haſty Gamſters over ſee.
Go, move Parthenia, *and let* Juno's *bleſſing*
Attend your hopeful ſuit, in the ſuppreſſing.

Loves common Evils, and if her warm desire,
Shew but a Spark, leave me to blow the fire.
Go, lose no time; Lovers must be laborious;
My Lord, go prosperous, and return Victorious.

With that, *Demagoras* (prostrate on the ground
As if his Ears had heard the blessed sound:
Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted Sacrifice) performs the Rites.
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly Voice,
Which fed his Soul with the Malignant joys.
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts,
Blesses the Tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time had the Heaven surrounding steeds
Quell'd their proud Courage turn'd their fainting heads.
Into their Hemisphere, to cool
Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Pallace share.
In her refined pleasures, and invited
Her gentlesteps, fully to be delighted.
In those sweet walks, where *Flareas* liberal hand
Had given more freely, than to all the Land.
There walk'd she, and in her various mind,
Projects and casts about which way to find.
The progress of young *Parthenia*'s heart;
Likes this way, then a second thought does thwart
The first, likes that way, then a third the second
One while she likes the match, and then she re-ckon'd.
Demagoras virtues, now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter, then she courts his vices;
Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to mind,
Another while thinks oaths and words but wind.
She likes, dislikes, her doubtful thoughts so vary,
Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary.
One while she fears that his malign aspect
Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the Golden cover of all Faults:

And

And from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digeſts
Her fears; creates a world of wealth, and reſts.
With that ſhe ſtraight unfixt her faſtned Eyes,
From off the Ground, and looking up, eſpies.
The fair *Parthenia* in a lovely bower,
Spending the Treaſure of an Evening hour:
There ſat ſhe reading the ſweet ſad diſcourſes,
Of *Charicleaes* love; the entercourſes:
Of whoſe mixt fortunes taught her tender heart,
To feel the ſelf ſame joy, the ſelf-ſame ſmart:
She read, ſhe wept; and, as ſhe wept ſhe ſmil'd,
As if her equal Eyes had reconcil'd.
Th' extreams of joy and grief ſhe clos'd the Book,
Then open'd it, and with milder look.
She pities lovers: muſing then a while,
She teaches ſmiles to weep, and tears to ſmile:
At length, her broken thoughts ſhe thus diſcovers
Unconſtant ſtate of poor diſtreſſed lovers!
Is all extream in love? no mean at all?
No draught indifferent? Either Honey or Gall?
Hath Cupids *Univerſe to temp'rate Zone?*
Either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poor Lovers! As ſhe ſpake
Thoſe words from her diſcloſed Lips, there brake,
A gentle ſigh; and after that another:
With that, ſteps in her unexpected Mother.
Have ye beheld, when *Titans* luſtful head
Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green Bed:
Of *Thetis*, how the baſhful Horizon
(Enforc'd to ſee what ſhould be ſeen by none)
Looks red for ſhame, and bluſhes to diſcover
The inceſtuous pleaſures of the Heav'n-born lo-
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the ſudden eye (ver
Of her unwelcome Mother did diſcery.
Her ſecret Paſſion: The Mothers ſmile
Brought forth the Daughters bluſh, and level coyl.
They ſmil'd and bluſht, one ſmile begat another,
The Daughter bluſht, becauſe the jealous Mother.

Smil'd on her; and the silent Mother smil'd
To see the Conscious blushing of her Child:
At length grown great with words she did awake
Her forced silence and she thus bespake:

Blush not, my fairest Daughter, 'tis no shame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breast:
'Tis Charity to succor the distrest.
The disposition of a generous heart
Makes every grief her own: at least, bear part.
What marble, ah what adamantine ear
Eer heard the flames of Troy, *without a Tear?*
Much more the scorching of a lovers Fire,
(Whose desperate fewel is his own desire)
May boldly challenge every gentle Heart
To be joynt-tenant in his secret smart.
Why dost thou blush? why did those pearley tears
Slide down: Fear not, this Arbor hath no ears:
Here's none but we, speak then, It is no shame
To shed a tear, thy Mother did the same:
Say, hath the winged wanton with his dart,
Sent are a message to thy wounded Heart?
Speak in the name of Hymen, *I conjure thee:*
If so, I have a balsam will recure thee.
I fear, I fear, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath lately left some indigested word
In thy cold stomach, which, for want of art,
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy Heart.
If that be all, revealing brings relief:
Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;
Had sorrow's desperate. not to be endur'd,
Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras *and would'st smoth'r*
Thy close affections from thy angry Mother,
And reap the dainty fruit of love unseen:
I did the like, or thou hadst never been.
Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy mind
To love in secret, I will be as blind

As

As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mothers care
Shall be redoubled till thy thoughts require
The swert fruition of thy choice desire;
Thou lov'st Demagoras: *If thy Lips deny,*
Thy conscious Heart must give thy Lips the lie.
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy punishment shall be to love him still;
Then love him still, and let his hopes inherit
The Crown belonging to so fair a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To speak at least an Age above his years;
The blood of his increasing honor springs
From the high stock of the Arcadian *Kings:*
The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the Land;
Honour and Wealth attend his Gates, and what
Can be command that he possesses not?
All which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy Beauty hath made thine;
He is thy Captive, and thy Conquering eyes
Have took him Prisoner, he submits, and lies
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee,
Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
Accept at first it is a foolish mind
To be too coy; Occasion's *bald behind.*
'Tis not the common work of every day
T'afford such offers; take them while you may,
Times alter; Youth and Beauty are but blasts,
Use then thy time, whilst Youth and Beauty lasts;
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach,
Of a stale Maid, but offer to encroach
Upon Opinion, th'art in estimation,
Like Garments kept till they be out of fashion;
Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all must stand
Like Goods at Out-Cries priz'd at second hand.

Resolve

Reſolve thee then, t'inlarge thy Virgin Life
With th' honourable Freedom of a Wife;
And let the fruits of that bleſt Marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my Child and me.
So ſaid, the fair (*Parthenia*, in whoſe heart
Her ſtrong Affection yet hath got the ſtart
Of her Obedience) makes a ſudden pauſe,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding laws
Of filial duty to her beſt Affection,
Sometimes ſubmits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her Mothers; Thus divided
In her diſtracted fancy, ſometimes guided
By one deſire; and ſometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother;
Madam,
Think not Parthenia, *under a pretence*
Of ſilence, ſtudies diſobedience;
Or by the crafty ſlowneſs of Reply,
Borrows a quick advantage to Deny;
It lies not in your power to command
Beyond my will; unto your tender Hand
I here ſurrender up that little all
You gave me, freely to diſpoſe withal;
The Gods forbid, Parthenia *ſhould reſiſt*
What you command, cammand you what you liſt;
But pardon me the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath made aſſault, but never yet could board
This heart of mine; I wept, I wept indeed,
But my miſconſtrued ſtreams did ne'r proceed
From Cupids *ſpring; this blubber'd Book mak's known*
Whoſe griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durſt never yet aſpire
The leaſt degree towards the proud deſire
Of ſo great honor to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queens have been at ſtrife,
As ſu'd for Love, and ſtrongly did importune
My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune,
My Breaſt was Marble; and my Heart forgot
All pity, for indeed, I lov'd him not.

But

But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
I bend the stoutest of my rásh affections,
You have commanded, and your will shall be
The square of my uneven desires and me,
I'll practice duty, and my deed shall show it,
I'll practice love, though Cupid *never know it.*

When great *Basilius* (he whose Princely hand
Nourish'd long Peace in the *Arcadian* Land)
With triumph brought to his renowned Court
His new espoused Queen, was great resort
Of Foregin States, and Princes, to behold
The truth that unbeliev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecias* worth; Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd,
In Warlike Furniture, and well addrest,
With solemn Justs to glorifie the Feast
Of Marriage Royal, lately past between,
Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whose Face and Brest,
Nature and curious Art had done their best,
To some that rare perfection, which (in brief)
Transcends the power of a strong belief;
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whose fame
Receiv'd more honour from her honour'd name
Than if he had with his victorious hand,
Unsceptered half the Princes in the Land;
To tell the glory of his Royal Feast,
The Bridgrooms state, and how the Bride was drest
The princely Service, and the rare delights,
The several names and worth of Lords and Knights,
The quaint *Impresa's*, their deviseful shows,
Their Martial sports, their oft redoubled blows;
The Courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
Who, ran, who got the better, who the worse,
Is not my task: nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it; Heraulds may.
Yet fame and honour have selected one
From that illustrious Crue; and him alone

Have

Have recommended to my careful Quill,
Forbidding that his honour ſhould lie ſtill
Among the reſt, whom fortune and his Spirit
That day. had crowned with a victors merit;
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born.
Our proper fortunes) his Blood-Royal ſprings
From th'ancient ſtock of the great *Cyprian* Kings
His out-ſide had enough to ſatisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half ſo fair. whom fame and duty
He ought to honour, call'd ſo often forth,
T' approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His mind was richly furniſht with the treaſure
Of Moral knowledge in ſo liberal meaſure,
Not to be proud: ſo valiant and ſo ſtrong,
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Faſt to his old Friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and maſter of his paſſion,
Serious in buſineſs, choice in recreation;
Not too miſtruſtful, and yet wiſely wary;
Hard to reſolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly find
So rare a body with ſo rare a mind.

Thrice had the bright ſurveyer of the Heaven
Divided out the days and nights by even
And equal hours, ſince this child of Fame
(Invited by the glory of her name)
Firſt view'd *Partheniaes* Face, whoſe mutual Eye
Shot equal flames, and with the ſecret tye
Of undiſclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to eith'r
Both dearly lov'd; the more they ſtrove to hide
Their love, affection they the more deſcryed,
It lies beyond the power of art to ſmother
Affection, where one virtue finds another.

One

One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown: beloy'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the self-same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd both fear'd alike both joy'd both griev'd
Yet where they both could help, was none reliev'd
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in all, and yet that all but one,
By this Time had their barren Lips betray'd
Their timerous silence; now they had display
Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged Child
Sate in a Tree, and clapt his Hands, and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded Friends,
He strikes and wounds himself whilst she defends
That would be wounded, for her pains proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his Wound she bleeds
She plays at him, and aiming at his Breast,
Pierc'd her own Heart. And when his hand addrest
The blow to her fair Bosom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield
Both lost the day, and yet both won the Field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease
Their Lips gave earnest of a joyful Peace.

But O, the hideous Chances that attend
A Lovers Progress to his Journeys end!
How many desperate rubs and dangers wait
Each minute on his miserable state!
His hopes to build, what strait his Fears destroy:
Sometimes he surfeits with Excess of Joy:
Sometimes despairing are to find relief.
He roars beneath the Tyranny of Grief;
And when loves current runs with greatest force,
Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course.
For lo, no sooner the discovered Flame
Of these new parted Lovers did proclaim
Loves sacred Jubilee: but the Virgins Mother
(The posture of whose Visage did discover

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her Breast)
Enters the Room : Half angry, half in Jest.
She thus began : [My dearest Child, this night,
When as the silent darkness did invite
Mine Eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possest
My troubled Mind, and robb'd me of my rest :
I slept not, till the early Bugle horn
Of *Chaunticlere* had summon'd in the Morn
T'attend the Light, and nurse the new-born Day.
At last when *Morpheus* with his leaden Key
Had lock'd my Senses, and inlarg'd the Power
Of my Heaven guided Fancy for an Hour
I slumber'd ; and before my slumbering Eyes,
One, and the self-same dream presented thrice :
I wak'd ; and being frighted at the Vision,
Perceiv'd the Gods had made an Apparition.
My dream was thus. Me thought I saw the sitting
Dresst like a Princely Bride, with Robes befitting
The State of Majesty : thy Nymph-like Hair
Loosely dishevel'd, and thy Brows did bear
A *Cypress-wreath*, and (thrice three months expir'd
Thy pregnant Womb grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's aid : with that me thought I saw
A team of harnest Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery Chariot from the flitting Sky:
Wherein there sat the glorious Majesty
Of great *Saturnia*, on whose Train attended
A host of Goddesses, *Juno* descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
Thy painful Womb : Thy Pains a while increas'd
At length she laid her gentle Palms upon
Thy fruitful Flank, and there was born a Son.
She made thee Mother of a smiling Boy,
And after, blest thee with a Mothers Joy,
She kist the Babe, whose Fortune she foretold :
For on his Head she set a Crown of Gold :
Forthwith, as if the Heavens had clove in sunder
Me thoughts I heard the horrid noise of Thunder

The

The hail ſtorm'd down, and yet the Sky was clear
Some Hailſtones that deſcended did appear,
As Orient Pearls, ſome like refined Gold,
Whereat the Goddeſs turn'd, and ſaid behold,
Great *Jove* has ſent a Gift: go forth and take't
Thus having ſpoke, ſhe vaniſht, and I wak'd:
I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle Paſſages, that grew
From my diſtemper'd thoughts, 'twas not a vain
Deluſion roving from a troubled Brain.
It was a Viſion, and the Gods foreſpake
Parthenia's Fortune; Gods cannot miſtake.
I lik'd the Dream, wherein the Heaven foretold,
Thy joyful Marriage, and the ſhower of Gold
Betokened Wealth: The Infants Golden Crown
Enſuing Honour: *Juno*'s coming down,
A ſafe deliverance, and the ſmiling Boy
Sum'd up the total of a Mothers joy:
But what the Wreath of *Cypreſs* (that was ſet
Upon thy Nuptial Brows) preſag'd, as yet
The Gods keep from me: If that ſecret do
Portend an evil, Heaven keep it from thee too:
Adviſe *Parthenia*: Seek not to withſtand
The Plot wherein the Gods vouchſafe a Hand.
Submit thy Will to theirs; what they enjoyn
Muſt be; nor lies it in my Power or thine
To contradict: Endeavour to fulfill
What elſe, muſt come to paſs againſt thy Will.
Now by the filial Duty thou doſt bear
The Gods and me, or ought elſe more dear
Can force Obedience; as thou hopſt to ſpeed
At the Gods Hands, in greateſt time of need;
By Heaven, by Hell, by all the Powers above,
I here conjure *Parthenia* to remove
All fond conceits that labour to diſjoyn [thine;
What Heaven hath knit/ *Demagoras* Heart and
The Gods are faithful, and their Wiſdoms know
What's better for us Mortals, than we do:

Doubt not (my Child) the Gods cannot deceive,
What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankful Hands; pass not so slightly over
The dear Affection of so true a Lover:
Pity his Flames, relieve his tortur'd Breast,
That finds abroad no joy, at home no Rest:
But like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
That flies with *Cupids* Javelin in his Wounds:
Stir up thy rack'd up Embers of desire;
The Gods will bring in Fewel and blow the Fire
Be gentle; let thy cordial smiles revive
His wasted Spirits, that only cares to live
To do thee Honour: It was *Cupids* Will,
The Dart he sent, should only wound, not kill;
Yield then, and let the engaged Gods pour down
Their promis'd Blessing on thy Head, and crown
Thy Youth with Joys; and mayst thou after be
As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.]

So said, the fair *Parthenia* to whose Heart
Her fixt desires had taught th' unwilling Art
Of disobedience, calls her Judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a Sin
More venial, by a resolute denyal,
To prove undutiful, than be disloyal
To him, whose Hearts a sacred Vow had tied
So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus replied,

Madam,
The angry Gods have late conspir'd to show
The utmost their inraged Hands could do,
And having laid aside all Mercy, stretch
Their power, to make one miserable Wretch,
Whose curst and tortur'd Soul must only be
The subject of their Wrath; and I am she.
Hard is the case! My dear desires must fail,
My Vows must crack, my plighted Faith be frail;
Or else Affection must be so exil'd
A Mothers Heart, that she renounce her Child.

And

And as she spake that Word, a flowing tide
Of Tears gusht out, whose violence deny'd
Th' intended Passion of her double Tongue:
She stopt a while, then on the Floor she flung
Her prostrate Body, while her Hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty Hair:
Sometimes she struck the ground and then her brest;
Began some Words and then wept out the rest:
At last her liveless Hands, did by degrees,
Raise her cast Body on her feeble Knees,
And humbly rearing her sad Eyes upon
Her Mothers frowning Visage, thus went on.
Upon these knees, these knees that ne're was bent
To you in vain; that never did present
Their unrewarded Duty; never rose
Without a Mothers Blessings, upon those,
Upon those naked Knees I recommend
To your dear thoughts, these torments that attend,
Your poor Parthenia, *whose unknown distress*
Craves rather Death, than language to express,
What shall I do? Demagoras *and Death*
Sound both alike to these sad Ears, that breath
That names the one, doth nominate the other:
No, no, I cannot love him, my dear Mother.
Command Parthenia *now to undergo* [*show*
What death you please, and these quick hands shall
The Seal of my Obedience in my Heart:
The Gods themselves, that have a secret Art
To force Affection, cannot violate
The Law of Nature, nor the Course of Fate.
Can Earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
Or can th' aspiring Flames be taught to tend
To the Earth? If Fire descend, and Earth aspire,
Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire Fire:
Even so, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras *and not to be:*
No, no, the Heavens can do no Act that's greater,
Than (having made so) to preserve their Creature:

And

And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me
With such false Joys, (if enjoy'd) would kill me?
I know that they are merciful, what they
Command, they give a power to obey:
The joyful Vision that your slumbring Eyes
Of late beheld, did promise and comprise
A fairer Fortune than the Heavens can share
The poor Parthenia's *merit; whom despair*
Hath swallow'd: Your Prophetick dream descry'd
A Royal Marriage; pointed out the Bride:
Her safe deliverance; and her smiling Son;
Honour and Wealth, and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom; Him, the Heavens hath
Within my Breast, by me to be reveal'd; [seal'd
Which if your Patience shall vouchsafe to hear,
My Lips shall recommend unto your Ear.

When as Basilius *(may whose Royal Hand*
Long sway the Scepter of the Arcadian *Land)*
From Cyprus *brought his more than Princly Bride*
The fair Gynecia, *(whom as* Greece *deny'd*
An equal; so the World acknowledg'd none
As her superior in Perfection:)
Upon this Ladies Royal Train and State,
A great concourse of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian *Princes, with their Princely Port,*
To see her crown'd in the Arcadian *Court;*
Illustrious Princes were they; but, as far
As midnight Phebe *out-shines a twinkling Star;*
So far among this rout of Princes, one
Surpast the rest in Honour and Renown:
Whose perfect Virtue finds more Admiration
In the Arcadian *Court, than Imitation:*
In th, excelence of his outward parts and feature,
The World conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it self; which being richly fraught
And furnisht with transcendant worth, is thought
To be the chosen Fortress for Protection
Of all the Arts, and store-house of Perfection:

The

The Cyprus *ſtock did ne'r, till now bring forth*
So rare a Branch, whoſe undervalued worth
Brings greater glory to the Arcadian *Land,*
Than can the dull Arcadians *underſtand:*
His Name is Argalus: *(Crown'd*
*He (*Madam*) was that* Cypreſs *wreath that*
My nuptial Brows: Now the Bridegroom's found
Cloath'd in the Myſtery of that Cyreſs *wreath;*
Which ſince the better gods hath pleas'd to breath
Into my Soul, O may I ceaſe to be,
If ought but death part Argalus *and me:*
Yet does my ſafe obedience not withſtand
What you deſire, or what the Gods command;
For what the Gods command is your deſire
Parthenia *ſhould obey and not reſpire*
Againſt their ſacred Counſels, or withſtand
The Plot, wherein they have vouchſaf'd a hand,
We muſt ſubmit our Wills; what they enjoyn
Muſt be, nor lies it in your power or mine,
To croſs; we muſt endeavour to fulfill
What elſe muſt come to paſs againſt our Will;
My Vows are paſt, and ſacred Heavens decree
Nothing ſhall part my Argalus *and me.*

So ſaid, th' impatient Mothers kindled Eye
(Half cloſed with a murtherous frown) let flie
A ſcorching Fire-ball, from whence was ſhed
Some drops of Choler; ſternly ſhakes her Head;
With trembling hands unlockt the door, and flees
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees;
And as ſhe fled, her Fury thus began
To open, *And is* Argalus *the Man?*
But there ſhe ſtops, and ſtriving to expreſs
What rage had promted, could do nothing leſs.

All you whoſe dear Affections have been toſt
In Cupid's *Blanket and unjuſtly croſt*
By wilful Parents, whoſe extream command
Hath made you groan beneath their tyrannous Hand,

That

That take a furious pleasure to divorce (worse
Your Soul from your best thoughts, (nay what is
Than Torture) force your fancies to respect
And dearly love whom most you disaffect;
Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
Of poor Parthenia; *let your eyes impart*
One drop at least: And whoso'er thou be
That reads these Lines, may thy desires see
The like success, if Reading thou forbear,
To wet this very Paper with a Tear.

Behold (poor Lady) how an Hours time
Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime;
Who like an unregarded ruin, lies,
With deaths untimely Image in her Eyes:
She, she, whom hopeful thoughts had crown'd
With promis'd Joys, lies grov'ling on the ground;
Her weary Hands sustains her drooping Head;
(Too soft a Pillow for so hard a Bed)
Her Eyes swoln up as loth to see the Light
That would discover so forlorn a Sight:
The flaxen wreath of her neglected Hairs
Stick fast to her pale Cheeks with dried Tears.
And at first Blush she seems as if it were
Some curious Statue on a Sepulchre;
Sometimes her briny Lips would whisper thus;
My Argalus, *my dearest* Argalus:
And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kist the other for that Service done;
In naming *Argalus*: Sometimes oppress
With a deep Sigh, she gave her fainting Breast
A sudden stroke, and after that another
Cryed, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted Mother!*
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two Extreams of Grief and Love:
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded
The more she lovd the more her heart was wounded
With desp'rate grief at length the tyranous force
Of love and grief; sent forth this sad discourse.

How

'How art thou chang'd (*Parthenia*) how hath passion
'Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion?
'Exil'd thy little judgment, and betrayed thee?
'To thine own self? how nothing hath made thee?
'How is thy Weather-beaten Soul oppresst
With storms and tempests blown from the North east
'Of cold despair? which, long ere this, had found
'Eternal rest; had been o'er-whelm'd and drown'd
'In the deep gulph of all my miseries,
'Had I not pumpt this water from mine Eyes;
'My *Argalus*; O where, O where art thou?
'Thou little think'st thy poor *Parthenia* now
'Is tortur'd for thy sake; alas, (dear heart)
'Thou knowest not th' unsufferable smart
'I undergo for thee; thou dost not keep
'A Register of those sad tears I weep;
'No, no, thou dost not.
'Well, well, from henceforth, *Fortune*, do not spare
'To do the worst thy active mischief dare;
'Devise new torments, or repeat the old
'Until thou burst. or I complain: Behold,
'As bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy Power;
'Who's level'd with the earth can fall no lower;
'Do. spit thy venome forth, and temper all
'Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall.
'Thy practis'd malice can no harm devise
'Too sure for *Argalus* to exercise.
'His love shall sweeten death and make a torture
'My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter.
'His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
'Wherein your rage may practice Martyrdom.

But e're that word could usher out another,
The tender Virgins Marble-hearted Mother,
Enters the Chamber; with a chang'd aspect
Beholds *Parthenia*: with a new respect
Salutes her Child, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
Whereon she lay; and being set together

In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her.
'Perverse *Parthenia*, is thy heart so sworn
'To *Argalus* his love, that it must scorn
'*Demag'ras*? are your souls conjoin'd so close
'That my entreaty may not interpose?
'If so, what help? yet let a Mothers care
'Be not contemn'd, that bids her Child beware.
'The Sickle that's to early, cannot reap
'A fruitful Harvest; look before you leap
'Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
'You cannot measure Virtue in a day;
'Virtues appear, but Vices Blak the Light;
'Tis hard to read a Vice at the first Sight.
'False are those joys that are not mixt with doubt
'Fire easily kindled, will not easily out:
'Divide that love, which thou bestow'st on one
'Twixt two; try both, then take the best or none:
'Consult with time; for time bewrays, discovers
'The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.
'Acts done in haste, by leisure are repented,
'And things soon past, are oft too late lamented.
With that *Parthenia*, rising from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: Madam each several day
'Since first you gave this Body, being, may
'Write a large volume of your tender care,
'Whose hourly goodness, if it should compare
'With my deserts, alas, the world would show
'Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.
'I must confess my heart is not so sworn
'To *Argalus* his merit as to scorn
'*Demagoras*; nor yet so loosly ty'd
'That I can slip the knot, and so divide
'Entire affection, which must not be serv'd,
'Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavour'd:
'My heart is one, and by one Power guided:
'One is no Number, cannot be divided:
'And *Cupids* learned Schoolmen have resolv'd.
'That Love divided, is but Love dissolv'd But

'But yet, what plight faith and honour may
'Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.
'Madam, *Parthenia*'s hand is not so greedy,
'To reap her Corn, before her Corn be ready:
'Her unadvised sickle shall not thrust
'Into her hopeful Harvest, e're needs must.
'To yours, *Parthenia* shall submit her skill,
Whose season shall be season'd by your will:
'Her time of Harvest shall admit no measure.
'But only what's proportion'd by our pleasure.

So ended she; but till that darkness got
The mast'ry of the light, they parted not:
The Mother pleads for the *Lacedemonian* Lord;
The Daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd
His very Name, had not her Mother spok't)
She pleads her Vow, which cannot be revok't:
Yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd. that a hard-hear ted wit
Knows to devise, perswades allures intreats,
Mingl's h'r words with smil's with t'ars with threats
Commands, conjures, trys one way trys another.
Does th' outmost that a marble-br asted Mother
Can do; and yet the more she did apply.
The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny.
The more she did assault. the more contend.
The more she taught the Virgin to defend:
At last desparing (for her words did find
More hopes to move a Mountain than her mind)
She spake no more: But from her chair she start'd,
And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl*, and parted.
Away she flings. and finding no success
In her last words, her fury did address
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot:
Actions must now enforce, what words could not.
Treason is in her thoughts: Her furious breath
Can whisper now no language under death.
Poor *Argalus* must dye, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love: And

And till that bar be broken, or put by.
No hope to ſpeed: poor *Argalus* muſt dye.
Demageras is call'd to counſel now,
Conſults conſents, and after mutual vow.
Reſolving on the act, they both conſpire
Which way to execute their cloſe deſire:
Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his ſide,
'Madam (*ſaid he*) this medicine well apply'd
'To *Argalus* his boſom, will give reſt
'To him and me: The ſudden way is beſt.
'My Lord, your trembling hand (*ſaid ſhe*) may miſs
'The mark, and then your ſelf in danger is
'Of out cry; or perchance his own reſiſtance.
'Attempts are dangerous, at ſo ſmall a diſtance;
'A *Drug*'s the better weapon, which does breath
'Deaths ſecret errand, carrys ſudden death
'Cloſ'd up in ſweetneſs: Come, a *Drug* ſtrikes ſure
'And works our ends, and yet we ſleep ſecure:
'My Lord, bethink no other: ſet your reſt
'Upon theſe *Cards*: the ſureſt way is beſt.
'Leave me to manage our ſucceſsful Plot,
'And if theſe ſtudious brows contrive it not
'Too ſure for Art of *Magick* to prevent,
'Ne'r truſt a Womans wit when fully bent
'To take revenge: Begon, my Lord, Repoſe
'The truſt in me; only be wiſe, be cloſe.
That Night when as the univerſal ſhade
Of the unſpangled Heaven and Earth, had made
An utter darkneſs, (darkneſs apt to further
The horrid enterpriſe of Rapes, and Murther)
She, ſhe, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full Revenge, ſhe calls *Athleia* too her,
(*Parthenia*'s hand-maid) whom ſhe thus beſpake,
'*Athleia* dare thy private thoughts partake
'With mine? Canſt thou be ſecret, has thy heart
'A Lock that none can pick by thieviſh Art,
'Or break by force; tell me, canſt thou digeſt
'A ſecret, truſted to thy faithful Breaſt?

'Madam

'Madam (said she) Let me never be false
'To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
'Speak what you please, *Athleia* shall conceal
'Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.
Reply'd the Lady then. 'Athleia knows
'How much, how much my dear Affection owes
'*Parthenia*'s Heart, whose welfare is the Crown
'Of all my Joys, which now is overthrown,
'And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
'If thou betray the secret of my trust;
'It lieth in thy Power to remove
'Approaching evils. *Parthenia* is in Love;
'Her wasted Spirits languish in her Breast,
'And nought but look'd for death can give her rest
'Tis *Argalus* she loves, who with disdain
'Requites her love, not loving her again;
'He slights her Tears; the more that he neglects
'The more entirely she (poor Soul) affects
'She groans beneath the Burthen of Despair,
'And with her Sighs she cloys the idle Air.
'Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
'And you, so oft exchanging Tongues and tears,
'Must know too much, for one poor heart t'endure
'But desperate's the Wound that admits no cure
'It lies in thee to help. *Athleia* say,
'Wilt thou assist me if I find the way?
'Madam, my forced Ignorance shall be
'Sufficient earnest for my Secrecy.
'Your Lips have utter'd nothing that is new
'To *Athleia*'s Ears, alas, it is too true.
'Long, long, ere this, your Servant had reveal'd
'The same to you, had not these Lips been seal'd,
'But if my best endeavours may extend
'To bring my Ladies Sorrows to an end,
'Let all the enraged Deities allot
'To me worse Torment, if I do it not.
'My Life's too poor to hazard for her ease;
'Madam, I'll do't, command me what you please,

So

So said the treacherous Lady ſtept aſide,
Into her ſerious Cloſet; and apply'd
Her haſty, and perfidious Hands, to frame
This forged Letter in *Parthenia*'s Name.

To her faithful *Argalus*.

Although the Malice of a Mother
Does yet enforce my Tongue to ſmother
What my Deſire is, ſhould flame;
Yet Parthenia's *the ſame.*
Although my Fire be hid a while,
'Tis but Fire ſlack'd with Oil.
Before ſeven Suns ſhall riſe and fall,
It ſhall burn and blaze withal.
What I ſend thee drink with ſpeed,
Elſe let my Argalus *take heed;*
Unleſs thy Providence withſtand,
There is Treaſon near at Hand:
Drink as thou lov'ſt me, and it ſhall ſecure thee
From future dangers, or from paſt, recure thee.

Thy conſtant *Parthenia*.

This done and ſeal'd, ſhe open'd the private door;
Call'd in *Athleia*, and ſaid, *For every ſore*
The Gods provide a ſalve; force muſt prevail
Where Sighs and Tears, and deep entreaties fail.
Forthwith from out her Cabinet ſhe took
A little Glaſs, and ſaid, *Athleia look,*
' Within theſe ſlender walls, theſe glazed liſts,
' *Parthenia*'s happineſs and life conſiſts.
' It is *Nepenthe*; which the factious Gods
' Do uſe to drink when are they be at ods
' Whoſe ſecret virtue (ſo infus'd by *Jove*)
' Does turn deep hatred, into deareſt Love,
' It makes the proudeſt Lover whine and baul,
' And ſuch to dote, as never lov'd at all.

' Here

'Here, take this Glaſs, and recommend the ſame
'To *Argalus* in his *Parthenia*'s Name,
'And to his Hand, to his own Hand commit
'This Letter; between *Argalus* and it
'Let no Eye come; Be ſure thy ſpeed prevent
'The riſing Sun; and ſo Heaven Crown th'event.
By this the feather'd *Belman* of the Night
Sent forth his Midnight Summons to invite
All Eyes to ſlumber, when they both addreſt
Their thoughtful minds, to take a doubtful reſt.
'O Heaven! and you, O you celeſtial powers,
'That never ſlumber, but employ all Hours
'In Mans Protection, ſtill preſerving, keeping
'Our Souls from obvious dangers, waking ſleeping
'O, can your all diſcerning Eyes behold
'Such impious Actions proſper uncontrol'd!
'O can your Hearts, your tender Hearts endure
'To ſee your Servant (that now ſleeps ſecure,
'Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
'But your Protection, and his innocence)
'Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
'His own prepar'd deſtruction, his own death!
'And will ye ſuffer't, he that is the crown
'Of prized virtue, honour and Renown.
'The Flower of Arts, the *Cyprian* living ſtory,
'*Arcadia*'s Garland, and great *Greece*'s Glory.
'The earth's new wonder and the worlds example
'Muſt die betray'd. treaſon and death muſt trample
'upon his Life; and, in the duſt muſt lie
'As much admir'd Perfection, as can die,
'No, *Argalus*, the Coward hand of Death,
'Durſt ne'er aſſault thee, if not underneath
'The maſk of love, Thou art above the reach
'Of open wrongs, mans force could ne'r make breach
'Into thy Life. No, Death could ne'r uncaſe
'Thy Soul, had ſhe appeared Face to Face
'Dream *Argalus*, and let thy thoughts be trouble
'With murthers treaſons let thy dreams be doubled

An

And what thy frighted fancy ſhall perceive,
Be wiſely ſuperſtitious, and believe.
O, that my lines could wake the now and ſever
Thoſe eye-lids, that ere long muſt ſleep for ever.
Waken now or never *Argalus*, and withſtand
Thy danger. Wake, the Murtherer is at hand.
Parthenia O Parthenia, who ſhall weep [ſleep?
Thy world of tears, can'ſt thou, O can'ſt thou
Will thy dull genius give thee leave to ſlumber
Does nothing trouble thee, no dream incumber
Thy frighted thoughts, and *Argalus* ſo near
His lateſt hour? Not one dreaming Tear?
Sleep on; and when thy flattering ſlumbers paſt
Perchance, thine Eyes will learn to weep as faſt
His death is plotted, and this morning light
Muſt ſend him down, into eternal Night.
Nay what is worſe than worſt, his dying breath
Will cenſure thee, as Agent to his Death

By this, the broad-fac'd *Quiriſter* of night
Surceas'd her ſcreeching note, and took her flight
To the neighbouring Ivy, Birds and Beaſts
Forſake the warm protection of their Neſts,
And nightly Dens, whilſt darkneſs did diſplay
Her ſable Curtains to let in the Day;
When ſad *Athleia*'s dream had unbenighted
Her ſlumbering eyes her buſy thoughts were righted
She roſe, and trembled; and being half diſtraught
With her prophetick fears, ſhe thus bethought.

What ails the Gods thus to diſturb my reſt,
And make ſuch Earth-quakes in my troubled breſt
Nothing but death, and murthers, Graves and Bells
Frightning my Fancy with their hourly Knells?
'Twas nothing but a dream, and dreams they ſay,
Expound themſelves the clean contrary way.
The Riddle's read, and now I underſtand
My dreams intents, Some Marriage is at hand,
For Death interpreted is nothing elſe
But Marriage, and the melancholly Bells

Is mirth and muſick. By the Grave, is read
The joyful, joyful marriage bed:
I, it is plain: and now, methinks 'twas I
That my prophetick dream foretold ſhould die.
If this be death, Death *exerciſe thy Power,*
And let Athleia *die within this Hour.*
Do, do thy worſt, Athleia's *faithful Breath*
Shall pray for nothing more than ſudden Death.
But ſtay, Athleia, *the too forward day*
Begins to gild the Eaſt; away, away.

So having ſaid, the nimble fingured Laſs
Took the forged Letter, and the amorous Glaſs:
And to her early progreſs ſhe applies her:
Departs, and towards *Argalus* ſhe hies her;
But every ſtep ſhe took, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her ſelf ſhe thus diſcours'd.

How frail's the Nature of a Womans Will!
How croſs! The thing's that moſt forbidden ſtill
They more deſire; and leaſt inclin'd to do,
What they are moſt of all perſwaded to:
Had not (alas) my Lady bound theſe Hands,
Athleia *ne'r had ſtrugled with her hands:*
I muſt not taſte it! had ſhe not enjoyn'd
My Lips from taſting it, Athelia's *Mind*
Had never thought on't; now methinks I long;
Deſires, if once confin'd, become too ſtrong
For Womans conquer'd Reaſon to reſiſt:
A Womans Reaſon's meaſur'd by her liſt.
I long to taſte; yet was there nothing did
Move my deſire, but that I was forbid.

With that, ſhe ſtaid her weary ſteps, and haſted
T'unty the Glaſs; litt up her Arm, and taſted:
That done (and having now attain'd almoſt
Her Journeys end) the little time ſhe loſt,
New ſpeed regains: The nimble ground ſhe traces
With double haſte, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a ſudden ſhe begins to faint:
Her Bowels gripe, her Breath begins to taint:

Her blistred Tongue grows hot, her Liver glows
Her Veins do boil, her colour come and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the Ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.
Thus from her Ruin *Argalus* derives
His longer Life, and by her Death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the Gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not
Live long, and let the righteous Powers above,
That hath preserv'd thee for *Parthenia*'s Love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
Too sure for second Treasons to prevent.
By this time, did the lavish Breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclaim
Athleia's death, the current of which News
Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuse
Deceived Ears: Which when the Lady heard,
Whose treacherous Heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a Murther, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throws
Her trembling Body on the naked Floor:
But what she said and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the fair *Parthenia*'s Mother:
May it suffice, that the extremes of shame,
And unresisted Sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, than success, and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to do, than what she did,
Her sullen Soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
What Reason wants the Power to perswade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade
She sinks; and with a hollow sigh she cried,
Welcome thou easer of all Evils, and died
Now Tongues begin to walk; and every ear
Hath got the *Saturyasis* to hear
This tragick Scene; the breath of Fame grows bold
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be controul'd:

Whilst

Whilſt loud report (whoſe tender Lips, before
Durſt only whiſper, now begins to roar;)
The Letter found in dead *Athleta*'s breaſt,
Bewray'd the Plot, and what (before) was gueſt,
Is now confirm'd and clear'd: for all Men knew
Whoſe Hand it was, and whence the malice grew
But have we loſt Parthenia? *In what Iſle*
Of endleſs ſorrow lurks ſhe all this while?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
Thy Heart diſſolve, and melt into a Tear:
Excuſe my ſilence: if my Lines ſhould ſpeak,
Such marble hearts as could not melt, would break.
No, leave her to her ſelf; it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wiſh unwrit:
I leave this task to thoſe, that take delight,
To ſee poor Ladies tortur'd in deſpight
Of all remorſe; whoſe Hearts are ſtill at ſtrife
To paint a torment to the very Life;
I leave that Task to ſuch, as have the Power
To weep, and ſmile again within an Hour:
To thoſe whoſe flinty Hearts are more contented
To limb a grief then pity the tormented:
Let it ſuffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
That furious grief, which Paſſion recommended
To her ſaid thoughts, her Story here had ended.
When time, the Enemy of *Fame* had clos'd
Her babling Lips, and gently had compos'd
Parthenia's ſorrows, raiſing from the ground
Her Body ſpent with grief, and almoſt drown'd
In her own Tears, a long expected Scene
Of better Fortune enters in, to dream
Her marſh Eyes: her ſtormy Night of Tears
Being paſt, a welcome day of Joy appears.
The Rock's remov'd, and Loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy ſorrows: Let thine Ear
Welcome the Tydings thou ſo long'it to hear:

A Lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His Hell and Heaven oft-times divides an Hour.
Now *Argalus* can find a fair access
To his *Parthenia*: Now fears nothing less
Than Ears and Eyes; and now *Parthenia*'s heart
Can give her Tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome; whilst her greedy Eye
Can look her fill, and fear no slander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together: [chat
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles, their tongues with
Now this they make their subject; and now that
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too
And jar, as zealous Lovers use to do:
And then a Kiss must make them Friends again:
Faith one's too little: Lovers must have twain:
Two brings in Ten, Ten multiples to twenty:
That to a hundred: then because the plenty
Grows troublesome to count, and does incumber
Their Lips their Lips gave kisses without number
Their thoughts run back to former times they told
Of all Loves passages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why,
The manner how, and who were present by:
The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion,
Her baited Words, her marble disposition,
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fear:
His soliloquies, and her secret tears:
Where first they met th' occasion of their meeting
Their Compliments, the manner of their greeting
His danger, his deliverance, and the reason
That first induc'd the Agents to the treason.
Thus by the Priviledge of time and leasure,
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual pleasure
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light
And after grumble at the envious Night.
Which bids them part too soon; what day deny'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious Night supply'd

Which

Which blam'd the Fates for doing Lovers wrong
To make the day so short, the Night so long.
But now the little winged God repented
That he had laugh'd so much, his Heart relented
His very Soul grew sad, his blinded Eye
Began to weep at his own Tyranny;
Laments their sorrows, finds a secret Way,
To make the Night as pleasing as the Day;
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his Ears discovers
The lingring torments of these wounded lovers.
Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'ingross their Names within his Register.
And now *Parthenia*'s harvest draweth near:
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a Tear)
Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown
The time's appointed, and the Day, s set down.
Wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial Bands,
Shall joyn together their espoused Hands.
Here stop my Muse; retire thy self and stay,
To gather Breath against the *Marriage-day*.

Reader, the joyful Bride salutes ye all
In her behalf, if any have let fall
A tender Tear, to those she makes request,
That they'll be pleas'd to grace the Marriage feast

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

BOOK. II.

SAil gentle Pinnace, now the heavens are clear,
The Winds blow fair, Behold the Harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* had forgot to frown,
The Rocks are paſt, the Storm is over-blown.
Up Weather-beaten Voyagers, and rouze ye
Forſake your loathed Cabins; Up and loze ye
Upon the open Decks, and ſmell the Land,
Chear up, the welcome Shore is nigh at hand
Sail gentle Pinnace, with a proſperous gale,
To th' Iſle of *Peace* : Sail, gentle Pinnace, ſail;
Fortune conduct thee! Let thy Keel divide
The ſilver ſtreams, that thou may'ſt ſafely ſlide
Into the Boſom of thy quiet Key,
And quit thee fairly of th' injurious Sea. (*power*
Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee
T' aſſiſt poor ſuppliants, grant one happy Hour :
O, let theſe wounded Lovers be poſſeſt,
At length with their ſo long deſired Reſt.
Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on,
The Bride is buſie, and the Bridegrooms gone
To call his fellow Princes to the Feaſt,
The Garland's made; The Bridal Chamber's dreſt

The

The Muſes have conſulted with the Graces,
To crown the day, and honour their Embraces
With ſhadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* ſongs.
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The Virgin tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to Nuptial delights
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreſt
The joyful triumph of this marriage feaſt,
But ſtay! who lends me now an Iron Pen,
T' engrave within the Marble hearts of Men
A Tragick Scene? Which whoſo'er ſhall read,
His Eyes may ſpare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears: If time ſhall not allow
His Death-prevented Eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What't left to his poſterity to end.
Thou ſaddeſt of all Muſes, come, afford
Thy ſtudious help, that each conſuming Word
May rend a Heart (at leaſt) that every Line
May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine
Of her own tears: O teach me how to extract
The Spirit of Grief, whoſe Virtue may diſtract
Thoſe Breaſts, which ſorrow knows not how to kill,
Inſpire, O, inſpire my melting Quill;
And, like ſad Niobe, *let every one*
That cannot melt be turn'd into a Stone:
Teach me to paint an oft repeated Sigh
So to the Life: that whoſo'er be nigh,
May hear it breath, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true Paſſion ſtrike
Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe
This Story, houl like Iriſh *at a Hearſe.*
Th'event ſtill crowns the act; let no Man ſay,
Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day.
For when the Kalends of this Bridal Feaſt
Were entered in, and every longing Breaſt

Waxt

Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd
With that, which Art and Honour had devis'd
T' adorn the times withal, and to display
Their Bounty, and the Glory of that Day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made Minutes seem as Days, and every Day
A measur'd Age; into her secret bower
Be took her weary steps, where every Hour
Her greedy ear expects to hear the sum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses;
She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by.
Why com'st thou not? Can Argalus *forget*
His languishing Parthenia? *What not yet?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seem'd, as if it were the whisp'ring voice
Of close conspiracy. She began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived Ear
(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare
By stealth to seize upon her unaware.
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not.
Like as young Doves, (which ne't had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear
Their full crop't parents are at hand to cheer
Their craving stomacks; whilst th' impatient fist
Of the false Cater, rifling where it list

In every hole, ſurpriſes them, and ſheds
Their guiltleſs blood, and parts their gaping heads
From their vain ſtrugling Bodies; ſo, even ſo.
Our poor deciev'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
Tho much to her own hopes) the whilſt her eyes
Were ſet to welcome the unvalued prize
Of all her joys, her deareſt *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demageras*, ſalutes her thus.
'Baſe Trull, *Demageras* comes to let the ſee
How much he ſcorns thy Painted Face, and thee.
'Foul Sorcereſs! could thy proſperous actions think
'To'ſcape revenge, becauſe the Gods did wink
'At thy deſigns? Think'ſt thou thy Mothers blood
'Cries in a language, not to be underſtood?
'Hadſt thou no cloſer ſtratagem, to further
'Thy pamper'd luſt, but by the ſavage murther
'Of thine own Aged parent, whoſe ſad Death
'Muſt give a freedom to the whiſp'ring breath
'Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? who (they ſay)
'Will cloak thy Whoredom with a Marriage Day
'Nay ſtruggle not, here's none that can reprieve
'Such pounded beaſts: It is in vain to ſtrive,
'Or roar for help; Why doſt not rather weep
'That I may laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep
'Upon thy wanton Belly, and confeſs
'Thy ſelf a true-repentant Murtheress,
'My ſinful Page may play the Fool, and gather
'Thy early Fruit into his Barn, and Father
'The new got *Cyprian* Baſtard, if that he
'Be half ſo wiſe, that got it, but to flee.
'Hah! doſt thou weep? or do falſe miſts but mock
'Abuſed eyes? from ſo obdure a Rock
'Can water flow? Weeping will make the fair
'Weep till thy Marriage Day, that who repair
'To grace thy feaſt, may fall a weeping too,
'And, in a mirrour, ſee what tears can do.) wrong
'Vile ſtrumpet! did thy flattering thoughts e'er
'Thy judgment ſo, to think, *Demageras* Tongue

Could

'Could ſo defile his honour, as to ſue
For ſerious love? ſo baſe a thing as you
'(Methinks) ſhould rather fix your wanton eyes
'Upon ſome eaſie Groom, that hopes to riſe
'Into his Maſters favour for your ſake:
'I, this had been preferment, like to make
'A hopeful fortune. Thou preſumptuous traſh!
'What was my Courtſhip, but the Minutes daſh
Of youthful paſſion, to allay the duſt
Of my deſires, and exuberous luſt?
'I ſcorn thee to the Soul, and here I ſtand
'But for revenge, whereto I ſet my hand.
With that he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treaſure of her Nymph-like Hair-
And, by it, dragg'd her on the duſty floor;
He ſtopt her Mouth for fear ſhe ſhould Implore
An aid from Heaven: ſhe ſwouning in the place,
His ſalvage hands beſmear'd her lifeleſs face
With horrid Poyſon, thinking ſhe was Dead,
He left her breathleſs and away he fled.
'Come, come ye Furies, you malignant Spirits;
'Infernal Harpies, or what elſe inherits
'The land of darkneſs; you that ſtill converſe
'With damned Souls; you, you that can rehearſe
'The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
'How every Hell-hound looks that roars in Hell.
'Survey them all; and then inform my Pen.
'To draw in one, the Monſter of all Men.
'Teach me to limb a villain, and to Paint.
'With dext'rous art, the baſeſt Sycophant
'That ere the mouth of inſolent diſdain
'Vouchſaf'd to ſpit upon: The putrid Blain
'Of all diſeaſed humours fit for none
'But Dogs to lift their naſty legs upon.
'So clear Mens Eyes, that whoſo'er ſhall ſee
'The type of baſeneſs, may cry, this is he!
'Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
'In Honours Book: Let his remembrance rot

In

'In all good minds: Let none but villains call
'His Bug-bear name to memory, wherewithal
'To fright their bauling Baſtards: Let no ſpell
'Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell.
'Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name.
'Which, let our baſhful Criſs-croſs-row diſclaim
'To the worlds end, not worthy to be ſet
'In any but the Jewiſh *Alphabet*.

But hark! Am I deceiv'd, or do I hear
The voice of *Argalus* ſounding in mine ear?
He calls *Parthenia*: No, that Tongue can be
No counterfeit: He's come, 'tis he, 'tis he.
Welcome too late, that are now come too ſoon:
Hadſt thou been here, this deed had ne'r been done.
Alas! when lovers linger, and out go
Their promis'd Date, they know not what they do.
Men fondly ſay, That Women are too fond
At parting; to requite ſo ſtrict a Bond
For quick return, poor ſouls! 'Tis they endure
Oft times the danger of the forfeiture.
I blame them not, for miſchief ſtill attends
Upon the too long abſence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and ſeeks about
In every room to find *Parthenia* out.
He asks, inquires but all Lips are ſparing
To be the Authors of ill news, not daring
To ſpeak the truth; they all amazed ſtand.
And now my Lord's as fearful to demand;
Dares not enquire her health, leſt his ſad ear
Should hear ſuch words, as he's afraid to hear.
All Lips are Bolted with a Linnen Bar,
And every Eye does, like a Blazing Star.
Portend ſome evil, no Language finds a Leak,
The leſs they ſpeak, the more he fears to ſpeak.
Faces grow ſad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a Cloſet for the whiſperer.
He walks the room, and like an unknown ſtranger.
They Eye him; from each Eye, he pick a danger,

At laſt his Lips not daring t' importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected *Fortune*
Leads his raſh ſteps into a dark'ned room.
A place more black than night: No ſooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a ſigh, as deep.
As a ſpent heart can give: he heard one weep,
And by the noiſe of groans and ſobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the ſad Bed.
Who is't (ſaid he) *that call untimely night?*
To hide thoſe griefs that thus abjure the light?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She paſt a ſigh, and ſaid, 'O ask not who.
'Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd Reply
'To your demand: Alas, it is not I.
'Not I (*ſaid he*) What Language do I hear?
'Darkneſs may ſtop mine Eye, but not mine Ear.
'It is my dear *Partheniae*'s voice, Ah me!
'And can *Parthenia*, not *Parthenia* be?
'What means this word, (*Alas, it is not I*?)
'What ſudden ill hath taught thee to deny
'Thy ſelf? Or what can *Argalus* then claim,
'If his *Parthenia* be not the ſame
'She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one
'To ſay, Thou art not hers; that's not her own.
'Can hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly
'Like wandring Atoms, in the empty Sky?
'Or can the Heavens (grow idle) not fulfill
'Their certain revolutions, but ſtand ſtill.
'And leave their conſtant motion for the wind
'T' inherit? Can *Parthenia* change her mind?
'Heav'n ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill, and Earth remove,
'E'er my *Parthenia* falſify her love.
'Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
'Thoſe lips ſhould ſay. (*Alas. It is not I!*)
Whereto ſhe thus reply'd: 'O do not thou
'So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t' allow.
'That curſed name a room within thy breaſt.
'Let not ſo foul a prodigy be bleſt

'With

'With thy loſt breath: Let it beheld a ſin,
'Too great for pardon. e'er to name't agen.
'Let darkneſs hide it in eternal night.
'May it be clad with horror to affright
'A deſp'rate conſcience: He that knows not how
'To mouth a curſe, O let him practice now
'Upon this name. Let him that would contract
'The body of all miſchief, or extract
'The quintiſſence of a ſorrow. only claim
'A ſecret priviledge to uſe that name:
'Far be it from thy language. to commit
'So foul a ſin. as once to mention it.
'Live happy *Argalus*; do not thou pertake
'In theſe my miſeries: O forbear to make
'My burden greater, by the tender ſorrow.
'Alas, my heart is ſtrong. and needs not borrow
'Thy needleſs help: O be thou not ſo cruel,
'To feed my flaming fires with the fuel.
'Why doſt thou ſigh? O wherefore ſhould thy heart
'Uſurp my ſtage. and act *Partheniaes* part;
'It is my proper task; What doſt thou mean,
'Without my licence. to intrude my Sence?
'Alas! thy ſorrows eaſe not my diſtreſs;
'God knows. I wept not one poor tear the leſs.
'My Patent's ſign'd and paſt, whereby appears
'That I have got the Monopoly of tears.
'In me let each man's torment find an end:
'I am the Sea, to which all Rivers tend.
'Let all ſpent mourners, that can weep no more.
'Take tears on truſt. and ſet them on my ſcore.
And as ſhe ſpake that word, his heart not able
To bear a language ſo unſufferable,
But being ſwoln ſo big, muſt either break.
Or vent, his conquer'd reaſon grew too weak
T' oppoſe his quickned paſſion (like a man
Tranſported from himſelf) he thus began.
'Accurſed darkneſs! Thou ſad type of Death!
Infernal Hag, whoſe dwelling is beneath!

'Wh

'What means thy boldneſs to uſurp this room,
'And force a night, before the night be come:
'Get, get the down' and keep within thy liſts
'Go revel there; and hurl thy hideous miſts
'Before thoſe curſed Eyes, that take delight
'In utter darkneſs, and abhor the light;
'Return thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came.
'And hide thoſe faces, whoſe infernal flame
'Calls for more darkneſs, and whoſe tortur'd ſouls
'Crave the protection of th' obſcureſt holes
'To ſcape ſome laſhes, and avoid thoſe ſtrict
'And horrid plagues; the Furies to inflict.
'But if thou needs muſt ramble here, above.
'Go to ſome other Climate, and remove
'Thy ugly preſence from our darkned eyes,
'That hate thy tyranny: Go exerciſe
'Thy power in Groves and ſolitary ſprings
'Where Bats are ſubjects, and where owls are Kings
'Go to the Graves, and fill thoſe empty Rooms.
'That ſuch as ſlumber in their ſilent Tombs
'May bleſs thy welcome ſhades, and lie poſſeſt
'Of undiſturbed and eternal reſt.
'Or if thy more ambitious fogs deſire
'To haunt the living, haſte thee, and retire
'Into ſome Cloyſter, and there ſtand between
'The light, and thoſe that fain would ſin, unſeen
'Aſſiſt them there, and let thy ugly ſhapes,
'Cout'nance cloſe treaſons, and inceſtuous rapes:
'Benight thoſe rooms; and aid all ſuch as fear
'The Eye of Heaven: Go, cloſe thy Curtains there
'We need thee not. (foul Witch) away, away;
'Thou hid'ſt more Beauty then the noon of Day
Can give; O thou, that haſt ſo rudely hurled
'On this dark Bed the glory of the world
So ſaid, abruptly he the room departs,
His cheeks looks pale, his curled hair upſtarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flaſhes like the flames of Lightning flie:

He

He calls for light, the light no ſooner come.
But his own hand conveys it to the Room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He bleſt himſelf; he bleſt himſelf again.
Thrice did he bleſs himſelf, and after ſaid
Foul Witch begon, and let thy diſmal ſhade.
Forſake this: place: Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcanes *charge; in* Vulcans *name, away!*
Or if thy ſtout rebellion ſhall diſclaim
His ſoveraignty, in my Parthenia's *name*
I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out
He ſtept to that ſad Bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkneſs did
Command that ſuch a Jewel ſhould be hid.
His left hand held the Taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to abſolve the light.
Which done, appear'd before his wond'ring eye
The trueſt portrait of deformity,
As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the Model of all grace
And peerleſs beauty, whoſe imperious eyes
Raviſh where they lookt; and did ſurpriſe
The very ſouls of men, ſhe, ſhe, of whom
Nature her ſelf was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, ſo deform'd, diſguiſ'd,
As darkneſs. for mans ſake, was well advis'd
To cloath in miſts, leſt any were incited
To ſee that face, and ſo depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground.
And rav'd. and roſe again. ſtood ſtill. and gaz'd;
At firſt ſhe ſtartled. then ſhe ſtood amaz'd;
Looks now upon the light. and now on her.
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to ſilence; as his thoughts increaſe;
His paſſion ſtrives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd reaſon had of late concluded,
And thus began: 'Are theſe falſe Eyes deluded?

'Or

'Or have inchanted mists step'd in between
'My abused Eyes, and what my Eyes have seen
'No, Mischief cannot act so fair a part,
'T'affright in jest; it goes beyond the art
'Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
'So sweet a Face: I know that these are Eyes,
'And this a light: False mists could never be
'Betwixt my poor *Parthenia* and me.
'Accursed Taper! what infernal spright
'Breath'd in thy Face? what fury gave thee light
'Thou Imp of *Plegeton*; who let thee in
'To force a day before the day begin?
'Who brought thee hither? I? did I? from whom
'What lean chapt Fury did I snatch thee from
'When as this cursed Hand did go about
'To bring thee in, why went not these Eyes out
'Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake;
'Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake;
'Be never seen, but when as sorrows calls
'Thy needful help to nightly Funerals;
'Be as a May-game for th' amazed Bat
'To sport about; and Owls to wonder at.
'Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
'To fright the Sexton from his Passing Bell.
'Give light to none but Treasons, and be hid
'In their dark Lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid
'Thy treacherous flames the room and if that none
'Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:
'Attend some Misers Table, and then waste
'Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste;
'Burn dim for ever. Let that flatt'ring light
'Thou feed'st, consume thy flock. Be banisht quite
'From *Cupids* Court: When Lovers go about
'Their stolen pleasures, let your Flames go out
'Henceforth be useful to no other end,
'But only to burn day light, or attend
The midnight Cups of such as shall resign
'With usury their undigested Wine.

'Why doſt thou burn ſo clear! Alas, theſe Eyes
'Diſcern too much: Thou wanton blaze doth riſe
'Too high a pitch: thou burn'ſt too bright for ſuch
'As ſee no comfort: O thou ſhin'ſt too much.
'Why doſt thou vex me? Is thy Flame ſo ſtout
'T'endure my breath this breath ſhall puff thee out
'Thus, thus my Joys are quite extinguiſht, never
'To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.
With that, tranſported with a furious haſte,
He blew it out: But mark, that very blaſt
As if it meant on purpoſe, to diſclaim (flame.
His deſperate thoughts) reviv'd the extinguiſht
He ſtands amaz'd; and having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Taper, and begins to ſmile.
And can the Gods themſelves (ſaid he) *contrive*
A way for hope? Can my paſt joys revive,
Like this rekindled Fire; if they do,
I'le curſe my Lips (*bright Lamp*) *for curſing you*
Eternal Fates! deal fairly, dally not:
If your hid bounties have reſerv'd a lot
Beyond my wained hope, be it expreſt
In open view; make haſte, and do your beſt:
But if your Juſtice be determin'd ſo
To exerciſe your vengeance on my Woe
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burſt;
Strike home betimes, diſpatch, and do your worſt.
That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poiſed betwixt hope and fear.
And there he ſtopt; as fearing to moleſt
This ſilent peace of her diſſembled reſt.
He gaz'd upon her, ſtood as in a trance:
Sometimes her liveleſs hand he would advance
To his ſad lips; then ſteal it down again.
Sometimes a Tear would fall upon't, and then
A Sigh muſt dry it; every kiſs did bear
A Sigh, and every Sigh begat a Tear:
He kiſs'd, he ſigh'd, he wept, and for a ſpace,
He fixt his Eye upon her wounded Face.

And in a whiſpering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts, thus with himſelf diſcours'd.

And were the Sun-beams of theſe Eyes too fierce
For mortal view? Or did thoſe Fires diſperſe
Flames too conſuming for the amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy Youth make Treaſon e'er the bolder
To ſtain that brow, and by a Midnight Theft
To ſteal more Beauty than the Day had left.
Or did that blind, that childiſh God deſcry
A kind of Twilight from that heavenly Eye,
Which, over bright, he ſought to make more dim
By blurring that, which elſe had blaſted him.
Or did the Sea-born Goddeſs Queen repine
To ſee her Star out ſhone ſo much by thine
And fill'd with Rage, envious deſpight,
Sent down a Cloud t'eclipſe ſo fair a light.
Or did the wiſer Deities foreſee
This likely danger, that when Men ſhould ſee
So bright a Lamp, fearing they ſhould commit
Such ſweet Idolatry, benighted it.
Or did the too too careful Gods conſpire
A good for Man, tranſcending Mans deſire,
And knowing ſuch an Eye too bright for any,
Gave it a Wound, leſt it ſhould wound too many
If ſo they meant, they might have been more kind
To ſave that beauty, and have ſtruck us blind.

Before the ſound of his laſt breath was gone
(her ſpeech being marſhal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her diſtracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
'Wept forth theſe words' thus fleet thus tranſitory
'Is mans delight, and all that painted Glory
'Poor Earth can give, nor wealth nor blood nor beauty,
'Can quit the Debt, that neceſſary duty
'They owe to *Change* and *Time*, but like a flow'r
'They flouriſh now, and fade within an Hour,
'The World's compos'd of change there's nothing ſtays
'At the ſame point, all alters, all decays.

'The World is like a Play, where every age
'Concludes her Scene, and ſo departs the ſtage;
'And when *Times* haſty-Hour-Glaſs is run,
'*Change* ſtrikes the *Epilogue*, and the Play is done.
'Who acts the King to Day, by chance of lot,
'Perchance to morrow begs, and bluſhes not.
'Whoſe beauty was ador'd o'er night next morning
'May find a Face, like mine, not worth the ſcorning
'Look where we liſt, there's nothing to the Eye
'Seems truly conſtant, but *Inconſtancy*.
'Moſt dear *Parthenia* (*Argalus* reply'd)
'Had thy deceived Eye but ſtept aſide,
'And look upon thy *Argalus* his Breaſt
'I know, I know, thy language had profeſt
'Another faith. Thy Lips had ne'r let fly,
'At unawares, ſo great an *Hereſie*:
'Tis not the change of favour, that can change
'My Heart; nor *Time*, nor *Fortune* can eſtrange
'My beſt affections, ſo for ever fixt
'On thee, nothing but Death can come betwixt
'My ſoul and thine: If I had lov'd thy Face,
'Thy Face alone my fancy had given Place
'Ere this, to freſh deſires, and attended
'Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
'If I had lov'd thee for thy Heavenly Eye,
'I might have courted the bright Majeſty
'Of *Titan*: If thy curious Lips had mar'd
'My lik'riſh thoughts, I might have ſoon prepar'd
'A bluſhing *Corral*, or ſome full ripe *Cherry*,
'And pleas'd my Lips, until my Lips were weary;
'Or if the ſmoothneſs of thy whiter Brow
'Had charm'd mine Eyes, and made my fancy bow
'To outward objects, poliſht Marble might
'Have given as much content, as much delight,
'In brief, had *Argalus* his flattered Eye,
'Been pleas'd with the beauties bare *Epitomy*,
'Thy curious Picture might have then ſupply'd
'My wants, more full than all the world beſide,

'No,

'No no, 'Twas neither Brow, nor Lip, nor Eye,
'Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why
'To Love *Parthenia*: 'twas thy better part,
(which mischief could not wrong) surpris'd my heart
'Thy Beauty was but like a Crystal case,
'Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
'Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
'Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake.
'No, no, my well advised Eye pierc'd in
'Beyond the film; sunk deeper than the skin
'Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
'I owe my vows, but faded with thy Beauty.
'Nay, Weep not my *Parthenia*; let those tears
'Ne'r wail that loss, which a few after Years
'Had claim'd as due; chear up, thou hast forsaken
'That, which sickness would (perchance) have taken
'With greater disadvantage; or else age,
'That common evil, which Art cannot assuage;
'Beauties but bare opinion: *White* and *Red*
'Have no more priviledge, then what is Bred
'By humane fancy, which was ne'r confin'd
'To certain bounds, but varies like the Wind,
'What one Man likes, another disrespects;
'And what a third most hates, a fourth affects:
'The *Negroes* Eye thinks Black beyond compare,
'And what would fright us most, they count most fair
'If then opinion be the touch, whereby
'All Beauties tried, *Parthenia* in my Eye
'Out-shines fair *Helen*, or who else she be,
'That is more rich in Beauties wealth than she.
'Chear up, the soveraignty of thy worth infranches
'Thy captive Beauty, and thy virtue blanches
'These stains of Fortune: Come, it matters not
'What others think; A Letter's but a blot.
'To such as cannot Read; but, who have skill,
'Can know the fair impression of a Quill,
'From gross and heedless blurs; and such can think
'No Paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink:

'What

'What others held a blemish in thy Face,
'My skilfull Eyes read characters of grace.
'What hinders then, but that without delay,
'Triumph may celebrate our nuptial Day?
'She that hath only virtue to her guide,
'Though wanting Beauty is the fairest Bride.
'A Bride? (*said she*) such Brides as I, can have
'No fitter Bridal Chamber than a Grave.
'*Death* is my *Bridegroom*; and to welcome *Death*,
'My Loyal heart shall plight a second Faith.
'And when that Day shall come, that joyful Day
'Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
'The Heart of all my sorrows, and conjoin
'My pale-fac'd *Bridegrooms* lingring hand with mine
'These *Ceremonies*, and these *Triumphs* shall
'Attend the Day to grace the Day withal.
'*Time* with his empty Hour-Glass shall lead
'The triumph on, his Winged Hoof shall tread
'Slow paces; After him there shall ensue
'The chast *Diana* with her Virgin-crew,
'All Crown'd with *Cypress* Garlands: after whom
'In rank, th'impartial *Destinies* shall come.
'Then in a sable *Chariot* faintly drawn
'With harnest Virgins vail'd with purest Lawn,
'The *Bride* shall sit; *Despair* and *Grief* shall stand
'Like heartless Bride-maids upon either Hand.
'Upon the Chair-top, there shall be plac'd
'The little winged God with arm unbrac'd,
'And Bow unbent: his drooping wings must hide
'His naked knees, his Quiver by his side
'Must be unarm'd, and either Hand must hold
'A Banner, whereon with Characters of Gold
'Shall be decipher'd (fit for every Eye
'To read that runs) *Faith*, *Love*, and *Constancy*.
'Next after, *Hope*, in a discoloured Weed,
'Shall sadly march alone: A slender Reed
'Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
'A broken Anchor all besmar'd with Sand.

'And

'And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
'Like *Jove's* Lievtenant, and bring up the rear,
'He shall be mounted on a Coal-black Steed.
'His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
'A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
'With *Cupid's* Javelin enter'd, shall be found.
'When as these Triumphs shall adorn our feast,
'Let *Argalus* be my invited guest,
'And let him bid me Nuptial Joy: from whom
'I once expected all my joys should come,
With that, as if his countenance had thought good
To wear deaths colours, or as if his Blood
Had been employed to condole the smart,
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus spake. *Unhappiest of all Men,*
Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?
Unequal chance? Had it been flesh and Blood,
I could have grapled, and (perchance) withstood
Some stout encounters: Had an armed-host
Of Mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost
My best desires; my Partheniaes *eye*
Had given me power to make that army fly,
Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf? but thou,
Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
Their servile Necks, what Weapon shall I hold
Against thy hand that will not be controul'd
Great enemy: whose Kingdom's in the Dust
And darksome Caves: I know that thou art just;
Else had the Gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, so large command
And jurisdiction o'er the lives of Men,
To Kill, and save even whom they please, and when
O, suffer not Partheniaes *tempting tears*
To move thy Heart, let thy hard-hearted Ears
Be Death to all her sutes: If she professs
Affection to thee, believe nothing less.
She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens *bands,*
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our Hands

When-

When plighted faith, and Sacro sanctious *vow*
Hath given poſſeſſion, diſpoſſeſs not thou.
Be juſt, and though her brinly Lips bewail
Her grief with tears, let not thoſe tears prevail;
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not diſjoyn
I am Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
Alas! we are but one, then thou muſt either
Refuſe us both, or elſe take both together.
My dear Parthenia, *let no cloudy paſſion*
Of dull deſpair moleſt thee, or unfaſhion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
Either forgetful, or thy ſelf unkind,
Starve not my pining hopes with longer ſtay:
My Love hath Wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and down, and cannot reſt,
Until it light, and perch upon thy Breaſt.
Torment not him, within theſe lingring Seas,
That's racket already on his own diſeaſes:
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath ſet her Hand:
And what our plighted Hearts, and mutual vow
Have ſo long ſince begun, O finiſh now;
That our imperfect, and half-pleaſures may
Receive perfection by a marriage Day.

Whereto ſhe thus. *Had the pleas'd Gods above*
Forgiv'n my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bleſs at large; Had all the powers of Heaven
(To boaſt the outmoſt of their bounty) given
As great addition to my ſlender fortune
As they could give, or roveteus mind importune,
I vow to Heaven, and all theſe Heavenly Powers,
They ſhould no ſooner been made mine, but yours.
Nay had my Fortunes ſtaid, but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that ſtate
I was; (although at beſt unworthy far
Of ſuch a peerleſs bleſſing as you are)
My dear acceptance ſhould have fill'd my Heart,
As full of joys, as now it is of ſmart.

But,

But as I am, let angry Love them vent
On me his plagues, it shall his plagues be spent.
And when I moan, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus, to such a Bride.
Live happy Argalus, let thy soul receive
What blessings poor Parthenia cannot have?
Live happy: May thy joys be never done,
But let the blessing down unthen on.
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy soul, and pitch an everlasting guard
About the Portals of thy tender heart,
And shower down blessings wheresoe'er thou art.
Let all thy joys be as the Month of May,
And all thy days be as the marriage day.
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled mind
Be strangers to thee; let them never find
Thy heart at home. Let Fortune still allot
Such Ladies guests to those that love thee not:
And let those blessings which shall wanting be
To such as merit mine, alight on thee.
That mutual faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I give the freedom to translate
Upon the merits of some fitter spouse;
I give the leave, and freely quit thy vows.
I call the gods to witness, nothing shall
More bless my Soul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to see
My Argalus (what e'er become of me)
So linkt in Wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honour, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
Of tears o'erwhelm'd her language, and denyd
A passage; but when Passions flood was spent,
She thus proceeds: 'You Gods, if you are bent
'To act my Tragedy: why do you wrong
'Our patience so, to make the Play so long?
'Your Scenes are tedious, 'gainst the rules of art,
'You dwell too long, too long upon one part.

'Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
'One simple Maid among so many Gods?
'And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoyn your might
'And send her soul into eternal night,
'That lives too long a day: I'll not resist
'Provided you strike home, strike where you list.
'Acurs'd be that day, wherein these Eyes
'First saw the light; let desp'rate souls devise
'A curse sufficient for it: Let the Sun
'N'er shine upon it; and whate're is begun
'Upon that fatal Day, let Heaven forbid it
'Succeed, if not t'entrare the hand that did it.
'Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
'Did not my tender Nurses Lullaby
'(Even whilst my lips were hanging on her breast)
'Sing her poor babes to everlasting rest?
'O then my Infant Soul had never known
'This World of grief, beneath whose weight I groan.
'No, no, it had not. He that dies in prime,
'Speeds a long business in a little time.

But *Argalus* (whose more extreme desire,
Unapt to yield, like water-sprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-set to further tryal.

'Life of my soul, by whom next Heaven, I breath
'Excepting whom I have no friend but Death.
'How can thy wished ease my grief, or stand
'My misery in stead, when as thy Hand,
'And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
'Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me?
'Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
'I find best wishes, yet am interdicted
'Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
'From Love's enjoyment? Why? Because belov'd.
'Alas! alas! how can my wishes thee
'A blessing to me, if unblest in thee?
'They beauty's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it go;
'He loves but ill, who loves but for a show.

'Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
'That never yet was slave to a complexion.
'Shall every day, wherein the Earth does lack
'The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
'Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
'A Garden 'cause there be no Roses there?
'Or shall the Sun-set of *Parthenia*'s beauty
'Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty
'The which my best advis'd affection owes
'Her sacred virtue, and solemn vows?
'No. no, it lies not in the power of *Fate*
'To make *Parthenia* too unfortunate
'For *Argalus* to love.
'It is as easie for *Partheniae*'s heart
'To prove less virtuous, as for me to start
'From my firm faith: the flame that honours breath
Hath blown nothing hath power to quench but death
'Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter spouse,
'And freedom to recal, to quit those vows
'I took: Who gave thee licence to dispence
'With such false tongues, as offer violence
'To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
'Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me:
'*Vows* can admit no change: they still persever
'Against all chance; they bind, they bind for ever.
'A vow's a holy thing; no common breath
'The limits of a vow is *Heaven* and *Death*.
'A vow that's past, is like a bird that's flown
'From out thy hand: can be recall'd by none.
'It dies not like a time beguiling Jest
'As soon as vented, lives not in thy brest.
'When uttered once, but is a sacred word
'Strait entred in the strict and close Record
'Of Heaven; it is not like a Juglers knot
'Or fast, or loose, as pleases us, or not.
'Since then thy vows can find no dispensation,
'And may not be recall'd, recal thy passion;
'Perform, perform what now it is too late,
'T'unwish again, too soon to violate.

Seek

'Seek not to quit what Heaven denies to feel:
'Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vow to me.
'Thrice dearer than my soul. (*he thus reply'd*)
'Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
'To my affection, I had condescended
'Ere this, to your requeſt, which had befriended
'My beſt deſires too: I lov'd not thee
'For my own pleaſures in that baſe degree,
'As gluttons to their diet, who diſpence
'With unwaſht hands, (leſt they ſhould give offence
'To their grip'd ſtomacks, when a minutes ſtay
'Will make them curſe occaſion all the Day.)
'I lov'd not ſo; my firſt deſires did ſpring
'From my own wrath; and as a *ſacred thing*
'I always view thee, whom my ſacred commands
'Me not prophane with theſe defiled hands.
'Tis true performance is a debt we owe
'To *Vows*, and nothing's dearer than a vow;
'Yet when the Gods did ravish from our hand,
'The means to keep it, 'tis a counter-mand.
'He that hath vow'd to ſacrifice each day,
'At *Juno*'s altars bound, and muſt obey;
'But if (being under vow) the Gods do pleaſe
'To ſtrike him with a leprous diſeaſe,
'Or foul infection; which is better now,
'Prophane the *Altar*, or to break the vow;
'The caſe is mine; where then the gods diſpence,
'We may be bold, yet tender no offence:
'Admit it were an evil, 'tis our beſt,
'Of neceſſary ills to chuſe the leaſt.
'The gods are good: the ſtrict recognizance
'Of vows, is only taken to advance
'The good of man; now if that good prove ill,
'We may refuſe, our vow's intire ſtill;
'I vow a Marriage; why? becauſe I do
'Entirely affect that man my *Vows* are to;
'But if ſome foul diſeaſe ſhould interpoſe
'Betwixt our promiſ'd Marriage, and our vows;

'The

'The ſtrict performance of thoſe vows muſt prove,
'I wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.
'Then urge no more: Let my denial be
'A pledge ſufficient 'twixt my love and thee.
So ended ſhe: But vehement deſire
(That can be quencht with *No*, no more than fire
With Oyl; and can ſubmit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He ſpeaks ſhe anſwers; He afreſh replies,
He ſtoutly ſues, as ſtoutly ſhe denies.
He begs in vain, and ſhe denies in vain,
For ſhe denies again, he begs again.
At laſt, both weary, he his ſuit adjourns;
For lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewel, as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both ſigh'd together.
She bids farewel, and yet ſhe bids it ſo,
As if her farewels ended if he go;
He bids farewel, but ſo, as if delay,
Had promis'd better farewels to his ſtay.
She bids farewel, but holds his hand ſo faſt,
As if that farewel had not been the laſt.
Both ſigh'd both wept, and both being heavy hearted
She bids farewel, He bids farewel, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia* weeping all alone.
And like the widow'd Turtle ſhe bewails
The abſence of her Mate: Paſſion prevails
Above her ſtrength: Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven: and what's hell
By her own tormients: Sorrow now does play
The tyrant's part, Affection muſt obey;
And like a weather-cock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blaſt of wind;
In deſp'rate language ſhe deplores her ſtate;
She fain would wiſh, but then ſhe knows not what
Reſolves of this, of that, and then of neither.
She fain would flee but then ſhe knows not whither.

At length (consulting with the heartless pair
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
Resolves, to take th'advantage of that night.
To steal away, and seek for death by flight;
A Pilgrims weed her liveless limbs addrest
From head to foot: A thong of Leather blest
Her wasted loyns; her feeble feet were shod
With Sandlers: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illustrious Soveraign of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to survey
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper World to *Cynthia*'s government.
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progress now, which only death can end.

Go helpless Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own virtues; and what else beside
That may be prosp'rous; may thy merits find
More happiness, then thy distressed mind
Can hope: live, and to after ages prove
The great example of true Faith and love
Gone; gone she is; but neither she is gone,
The gods, and Fortune can resolve alone.
Pardon my Quill, that is intoxe'd to stray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.

To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obvious dangers that so oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her Pilgrimage;
Or bring her miseries on the open stage;
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her daily perils and her nightly scapes
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapes
Is not my task; who care not to incite
My Reader's passion to an appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our discourse
Must call an eye and bend her steeled course
To *Argalus*: When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)

Per-

Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither;
He makes no stay: Conflicts not with the weather.
Stays not to think, but claps his lasty knees
To his fleet Courser, and away he flees.
His haste enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To lose the road, that goes he knows not where;)
One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;
And now, he gentler slacks his prouder reins,
And climbs the barren hills: with fresh carreers
He tries the right hand way, and then he steres
His course upon the left: One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancy strikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry trees,
He engraves *Parthenias* name with his: then flees
To the wild Champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves.
He balks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana*'s Fountain,
He strait dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirsty lips; and after that, to drench
His fainting Limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein
Partheniaes dainty fingers oft had been.
The Fountain was upon a deep descent,
Whose gilding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm Rock, which art (to make it known
Above the Crystal Fountains head, was plac'd
Diana's image (though of late defac'd.)
Beneath a rocky Cistern did retain
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye
N'er view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty.
It was that Fountain, where in elder times
Poor *Ceridon* compos'd his rural rhimes,
And left them closely hid for his unkind,
And marble-hearted *Phillida* to find.

All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loss of time with a new Speed;
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His Progress, God knows whither: He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a mind as doubtful as the way)
He journeys on; he left no course, unthought,
No traveller, unask't; no place unsought.
To make a Journal of each circumstance:
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befel his tedious travel: To relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
His rare atchievements, and their fair success,
His noble courage, in extream distress;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteem with men, which did inchance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*,
And what he suffered for *Parthenias* love,
Would make our volum endless, apt to try
The outmost patience of a Studious Eye.
All which, the bounty of a free conceit:
May sooner reach to, than my Pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthias* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals with her globe of Light;
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toys.
It hapned now, that twice six months had run,
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsom Progress; who, in vain, had spent
A year of hours, and yet not event,
When Fortune brought him to a good seat,
(Wall'd round about with Hills) yet no so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Than Strong, yet yielding even as much delight

As

As ſtrength; whoſe only out-ſide did declare
The Maſter's judgment, and the Builder's care:
Around the Caſtle Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treaſure, round about
Well fenced Medows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd proviſion for the Winters Tide:
Near which the Neighb'ring Hills (well-ſtock and
With milk-white flocks) did ſeverally afford (ſtor'd
Their fruitful bleſſings, and deſerv'd increaſe
To painful Husbandry, the Child of Peace.
It was *Kalander*'s ſeat, who was the Brother
Of loſt *Parthenia*'s late deceaſed Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'er taught to undervalue the condition
Of private Gentry; who prefer'd the love
Of his reſpected Neighbours far above
The apiſh congies of the unconſtant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favours ſo, as to be tending
Upon his Perſon; and, in brief, too ſtrong
Within himſelf, for Fortunes had to wrong:
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joys, could take: or who would ſtrive
T'expreſs a welcome to the life, could give
His richly furniſh'd Tablemore expreſt
A common bounty, than a curious feaſt:
Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffer'd
In liberal ſort: not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
The careful Servants did attend the Room:
No need to bid them, either go or come:
Each knew his place, his office, and could ſpy
His Maſter's pleaſure in his Maſter's Eye.
But what can reliſh pleaſing to a taſt
That his diſtemper'd? Can a ſweet repaſt
Pleaſe a ſick Palate? No, there's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whoſe Soul is bent

To tire on his thoughts: *Kalander*'s love
(That other times would raviſh) cannot move
That fixed heart, which Paſſion now incites
T'abjure all Pleaſures, and forſwear delight.
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander, and his Noble gueſts, intending
T'exchange their pleaſures in the open Air,
A Meſſenger came in, and did repair
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his employment, was to recommend
A Noble Lady to him (near alli'd
To fair Queen *Helen*) whoſe unskilful guide
Had ſo miſſed, that ſhe does make requeſt,
This night, to be his bold, and unknown gueſt:
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To find to Morrow, what ſhe loſt to Day.
Kalander (the extent or whoſe ambition
Was to expreſs the bounteous diſpoſition
Of a free heart, as glad of ſuch occaſion
To entertain) return'd the ſalutation
Of an unknown Servant; and withal profeſt
A promiſ'd welcome to ſo fair a gueſt.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his Noble Friends,
(All put poor *Argalus*, who recommends
His thoughts to private uſes, and confines
His ſecret fancy to his own deſigns)
Mounted the praunſing Steed to give a meeting
To his fair gueſt: they met, but at firſt greeting
Kalander ſtood amaz'd, for he ſuppoſ'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts diſclos'd:
Madam) ſaid he) *if theſe mine Aged Eyes*
Retain that wonted ſtrength, which Age denies
To many of my years, I ſhould be bold
(In viewing you) to ſay, I do behold
My Niece Partheniaes *Face: Nor can I be*
Perſwaded (by your leave) but you are ſhe.
Thrice noble Sir (ſhe thus reply'd) *your Tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia *wrong*
in

In your miſtake, and too much honour'd me,
That (in my judgment) was more fit to be
Her foil, than Picture: yet hath many an Eye
Given the like ſentence, ſhe not being by.
Nay, more: I have been told that my own Mother
Fail'd often to diſtinguiſh t' one from t' other.
Said then *Kalander*: *if my raſh conceit*
Hath made a fault, mine Error ſhall await
Upon your gracious Pardon: I alone
Was not deceiv'd, for never any one
That view'd Partheniaes *viſage, but would make*
As great an error by as great miſtake.
But (Madam) for her ſake, and for your own,
(Whoſe worth may challenge to it ſelf alone,
More ſervice then Kalander *can expreſs)*
T' are truly welcome, Enter, and poſſeſs
This Caſtle as your own; which can be bleſt
In nothing more, then in ſo fair a gueſt.
Whereto the Lady entring, thus reply'd:
Let everlaſting joys be multiply'd
Within theſe gentle Gates, and let them ſtand
As laſting Monuments in th' Arcadian *Land*
Of rare and bounteous Hoſpitality
To after-times. Let Strangers paſſing by;
Bleſs their ſucceeding Heirs, as ſhall deſcend
From ſuch a Lord from ſuch a noble Friend.
When as a little reſpite had repair'd,
Her weary Limbs, which travel had impair'd
The freeneſs of occaſion did preſent
New ſubjects to diſcourſe: wherein they ſpent
No little time: among the reſt, befell
Kalander (often ſtopt with tears) to tell
Of *Argalus* and loſt *Partheniaes* love
Whoſe undiſſembled paſſion did move
A general grief, the more that they attended
To his ſad Tale, the more they wiſht it ended.
Madam (ſaid he) *although your viſage be*
Like hers, yet may your fortunes diſagree.

Poor

Poor Girl: And as he spake that word, his Eyes
Let fall a Tear. The Lady thus replies.
My soul doth suffer for Partheniaes *sake:*
But tell me Sir, Did Argalus *forsake*
His poor Parthenia *whom he lov'd so dear?*
How hath he spent his Days e're since? and where?
Madam (said he) *when as their Marriage Day*
Drew near; mischief, that now was bent to play
Upon the Stage her studied master-prize,
With ugly Leprosie did so disguise
Her beauteous Face, that she became a terror
To her own self: But Argalus *the mirror*
Of truest Constancy, (whose loyal Heart,
Not guided by his Eyes, disdain'd to start
From his past vows) did in despight of Fortune,
Pursue his fixt desires, and importune
Th' intended Marriage ne'erth'less; but she
Whom reason now had taught to disagree
With her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,
And at the last, t'avoid his further suite,
Not making any private to her flight
She quits the House, and steals away by night:
But Madam, when as Argalus *perceiv'd*
That she was fled: and being quite bereav'd
Of his just hopes, poor Lover, he assays
By toilsome Pilgrimage to end his Days,
Or find her out. Now twice six Months have run
Their tedious courses, since he first begun
His fruitless journey, ranging far and near,
Sufferings as many sorrows, as a Tear
Could send: and made by the extreams of Weather,
Unapt for travel, Fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remains, till time shall make,
His wasted Body fit to undertake
His discontinued progress, and renew
His great request for her, who at first view,
Madam, you seem'd to be.

So

So said: the Lady, from whose tender Eyes
Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
With both their Sorrows; said, *And is there then*
Such unexpected constancy in Men?
Most Noble Sir;
If the too rash desires of a stranger
May be dispenc'd withal without the danger
Of too great boldness, I should make request:
To see this noble Lord, in whose rare Breast
(By your report) more Honour doth reside,
Than in all Greece; *nay, all the World beside:*
I have a message to him; and am loath
To do it, were I not engag'd by Oath.
Whereat *Kalander*, not in breath, but action.
Applies himself to give a satisfaction
To her propounded wish: Portraiture wastes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he hastes.
Argalus comes down, and after Salutation
Giv'n and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion:
My Noble Lord;
Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your Name
Above all others, let your goodness now
Make good that fair report: that I may know
By true experience what my joyful Ear
Had but, as yet, the happiness to hear:
And if the frailty of a Womans wit
May chance t' offend; be noble, and remit.
Then know, (most Noble Lord) my native place
Is Corinth; *of the self same blood and race*
With fair Queen Helen, *in whose Princely Court*
I had my birth, my breeding: to be short.
Thither, not many Days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her Name,
The rare Parthenia, *so in shape transform'd,*
In Feature altered, and in Face deform'd,
That (in my judgment) all this Region could
Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.

'Long

'Long was it 'ere her of repeated vows
'And ſolemn Proteſtations could rouze
'My over-dull belief; till, at the laſt,
'Some paſſages that heretofore had paſt
'In ſecret 'twixt *Parthenia* and me.
'Gave full aſſurance 't could be none but ſhe.
'Abundant welcome (as a ſoul ſo ſad
'As mine and hers could give and take) ſhe had:
'So like we were in Face, in ſpeech, in growth,
'That whoſoever ſaw the one, ſaw both.
'Yet were we not alike in our Complexions
'So much as in our Loves, in our affections
'One ſorrow ſerv'd us both, and one relief
'Could eaſe us both, but partners in one grief.
'Much private time we joyntly ſpent, and neither
'Could find a true Content, if not together
'The ſtrange Occurrent of her dire misfortune
'She oft diſcours'd, which ſtrongly did importune
'A world of tears from theſe effuſed Eyes
'The true partakers of her miſeries.
'And as ſhe ſpake, the accent of her Story
'Would always point upon th' eternal glory
'Of your rare conſtancy, which whoſoe're
'In after Ages ſhall perſume to hear,
'And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
'A rebel to all Virtue, and (defam'd
'In his beſt actions) let his Leporus Name
'Or dye diſhonoured, or ſurvive with ſhame.
'But ah? what Simples can the Hand of Art
'Find out to ſtench a Lovers bleeding Heart?
'Or what (alas?) can humane skill apply
'To turn the courſe of Loves Phlebotomy?
'Love is a ſecret fire, inſpir'd, and blown
By Fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon
'Works on the very ſoul, and does torment
'The Univerſe of man; which being ſpent
'And waſted in the Conflict, often ſhrinks
'Beneath the burthen; and ſo conquer'd, ſinks.

'Al

'All which your poor *Parthenia* knew too well,
'Whose bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell
'Th' imperious fury of extream despair,
'She languish'd, and not able to contrair
'The will of her victorious Passion; Cried,
'My dearest *Argalus* farewel, and died.
'My Lord, not long before her latest breath,
'Had freely paid the full Arrears to death,
'She call'd me to her: in her Dying Hand
'She strained mine, whilst in her Eyes did stand
'A shower of tears, unwept, and in mine Ear
'She whisper'd so as all the Room might hear.
'Sister (*said she*) that title past between us
'Not undeserv'd; for, all that ere had seen us,
'Mistook us so at least) that latest sand
'Of my spent Hour-Glass is now at Hand.
'Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,
'I hear bequeath to be possest by thee;
And when sweet Death shall clarifie my thoughts,
'And drain them from the dregs of my Fault,
'Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
'From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind
'And let thy prosp'rious Voyage be addrest
'To the fair Port of *Argalus* his breast,
'As whom the Eye of Man did ne're discover
'So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a Lover;
'Cast Anchor there; for by this dying breath,
'Nothing can please my Soul more after Death,
'And make my joys more perfect, than to see
'A Marriage 'twixt my *Argalus* and thee.
'This Ring, the pledge betwixt his heart and mine
'As freely as she gave me, I make thine:
'With it unto thy faithful heart I tender
'My sacred vows; with it I hear surrender
'All right and title that I had or have
'In such a Blessing as I now must leave
'Go to him, and Conjure him in my Name
'What Love he bare to me, the very same

'That

'That he transfer on thee: take no denial,
'which granted, live thou happy, constant loyal.
'And as she spake that Word, her voice did alter,
'Her breath grew cold, her speech begun to faulter
'Fain would she utter more, but her spent Tongue
'(Not able to go farther) fail'd and clung
'To her dry roof. A while as in a trance.
'She lay, and on a Sudden, did Advance
'Her forced language to the height, and Cried
'Farewel my dearest *Argalus*, and Died.
'And now my Lord, although this Office be
'Unsuitable to my Sex, and disagree
'Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
'Or my poor state, more like to find derision
'Than satisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,
'Extr'ordinary merits do afford
'Extr'ordinary means, and can excuse
'The breach of Custom, or the common Use:
'Wherefore, incited by the dear directions
'Of dead *Parthenia*, by mine own affections,
'And by the ex'lence of your high desert,
'I here present you with a faithful Heart,
'A Heart, to you devote which assures
'It self no happiness, but in being yours.
'Pardon my boldness, they that shall reprove
'This as a fault, reprove a fault in Love.
'And why should Custom do our Sex that wrong
'To take away the priviledge of our Tongue?
'If Nature give us freedom to affect,
'Why then should Custom bar us to detect
'The gift of Nature? She that is in pain
'Hath a sufficient warrant to complain.
'Then give me leave, (my Lord) to re-inforce
'A virgins suit. and (thinking ne're the worse
'Of profer'd love) let my desires thrive,
'And freely accept what I so freely give.
So ending, silence did enlarge her Ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear

His

His gracious words: But *Argalus*, whose passion
Had got his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
Return'd no answer, till his trickling Eyes
Had given an earnest of such obsequies,
As his adjourned sorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy; true griefs abhorr the light;
Who grieves without a Witness grieves aright.
His passion thus suspended for a while,
(And yet not so, but that it did recoil
Strong sighs) he wip'd his tear bedewed Eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:

Madam,
Your no less rare then noble favours show
How much your merit, and how much I owe
Your great desert, which claims more thankfulness
Than such a dearth of language can express:
But most of all, I stand for ever bound
To that your goodness my Parthenia found
In her distress; for which respect (in duty
As I am ty'd) poor Argalus shall repute ye
The flower of Noble courtesie, and proclaim
Your high deservings. Lady, as I am
A poor unhappy wretch, the very scorn
Of all posterity, distrest, forlorn:
Unworthy the least favour you can give,
I am your slave, your Beadsman will I live;
But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I see how much it would redound
To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
(Most excellent Lady) I cannot dispose
Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
What else you needed not perswade me to;
For, trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
To carve according to my pleasure, none
But you should challenge it, but while I live,
It is Parthenia's, and not mine to give.

Whereto she thus replies: *Most noble Sir,*
Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your Heart again.
Dissolv'd your vows, distink'd that sacred chain,
Which ty'd your souls: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your Heart to me; which by her death
Is grown a debt that thou art bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her Soul is dispossest
(And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed Argalus
Pausing a while, return'd his Answer thus:

Incomparable Lady,
When first of all, by Heavens divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik'd, we lik'd our dear affections,
And with the solemn power of an Oath,
In presence of the better Gods, we both
Exchang'd our hearts: in witness of which thing,
I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
Which now you wear; by which she did resign
Her Heart to me; for which I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,
My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:
Which if it had the power to survive,
She being dead, what heart have I to give?
Or if that heart expired in her death,
What heart had she, (poor Lady!) to bequeath?
Madam, in her, began my dear affection;
In her it lived, in her it had perfection;
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
By fate: In her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd
Partheniaes *Beauty, I had soon been mov'd*
To moderate my sorrow, and to place
That love on you, that have Partheniaes *face;*
But 'twas Partheniaes *self I lov'd, and love;*
Which as no thing hath power to remove

From my ſtrict heart, ſo nothing can diminiſh,
No Fortune can diſſolve, no Diſtance finiſh.
With mingled frowns and ſmiles ſhe thus reply'd,
Half in a rage, *and muſt I be deviſ'd?*
Are theſe the noble favours I expected?
To find diſgrace? and go away rejected?
Moſt noble Lady, if my words (ſaid he)
Sute not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the miſery of my ſtate,
Which makes my Lips to ſpeak they know not what:
Miſtake not him that only ſtudies how
With moſt advantage ſtill to Honour you.
Alas! what joys heven did receive
From Fortune, to be Buried in Partheniaes *Grave*
With them, ere long, (*nor are my hopes in vain*)
I hope to meet; and never part again.

So ſaid, with more than Eagle-winged haſte,
She flew into his boſom, and imbrac'd
In her clos'd Arms, his ſorrow-waſted waſt;
Surcharg'd with joy, ſhe wept, not having power
To ſpeak. Have you beheld an *April* ſhower
Send down her haſty bubbles, and then ſtops
Then ſtorms afreſh, through whoſe tranſparent drop
The unobſcured Lamp of Heaven conveys
The brighter Glory of his refulgent rays?
Even ſo, within her bluſhing Cheeks reſided
A mixt aſpect, 'twixt ſmiles and tears divided:
So even divided, no Man could ſay, whether
She wept, or ſmil'd ſhe ſmiled, and wept together:
She held him faſt, and like a fainting Lover,
Whoſe paſſion now had licence to diſcover
Some words. *Since then thy Heart is not for me,*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (*ſaid ſhe*)
Chear up my Argalus, *theſe words of mine*
Are thy Partheniaes, *as* Partheniaes *thine:*
Believe it (Love) *theſe are no falſe alarms,*
Thou haſt thine own Parthenia *in thine Arms*

Like

Like as a Man whose hourly wants implore
Each meals relief, trudging from Door to Door,
That hears no dialect from churlish Lips,
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips
Takes up (perchance) some unexpect'd treasure.
New lost: departs, and, joyful beyond measure,
Is so transported, that he scarce believes
So great a truth, and what his Eye perceives,
Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision
Or flattering Dream deserving but derision:
So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
His easie Faith too soon; for fear his Heart
Should surfeit on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where stop'd by passion, falling on his knees,
He thus began: *O you eternal powers*
That have the guidance of the Souls of ours,
Who by your just perogative can do
What is a sin for Man to dive into:
Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
For thought: Too deep for Man t'inquire why;
Delude not these mine Eyes with the false show
Of such a joy, as I must never know
But in a Dream; or if a Dream it be,
O let me never wake again, to see
My self deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t'enjoy
A real grief, and but a Dreaming joy.
Much more he spake to this effect, which ended
He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
His aking Knees and rising from the Ground,
He cast his rolling Eyes about, and found
The room avoided, and himself alone;
The Door half-clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone.
His new distemper'd passion grew extream,
'I knew, I knew (*said he*) 'twas but a Dream,
'A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
'Blow by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble:

'Which

'Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
'And breaths into my Soul a freſh deſpair
'I knew 'twas nothing but a Golden-Dream,
'Which (waking) makes my wants the more extream
'I knew 'was nothing but a Dreaming joy,
'A bliſs, which (waking) I ſhould ne're enjoy
'My dear *Parthenia* tell me, where, O where
'Art thou that ſo delud'ſt mine Eye, mine Ear?
'O that my wakened fancy had the might,
'To repreſent unto my real ſight
'What my deceived Eyes beheld, that I
'Might ſurfeit with exceſs of joy, and Die.
With that the fair *Parthenia* (whoſe deſire
Was all this while, by Fire, to draw out Fire;
And by a well adviſed courſe to ſmother
The fury of one Paſſion with another)
Stept in and ſaid; 'Then *Argalus* take thou
'Thy true *Parthenia*: Thou Dream'ſt not now
'Behold this Ring, whoſe Motto does in part
'The conſtancy of our divided Heart:
'Behold theſe Eyes, that for thy ſake have vented
'A world of tears, unpitty'd, and unlamented:
'Behold this Face, that had of late the power
'To curſe all Beauty, yet it ſelf ſecure
'Witneſs that Taper, whoſe prophetick Snuff
'Was outed and revived with one puff
'And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
'Twas I that roar'd beneath the ſcourge of grief
'When thou didſt curſe the darkneſs for concealing
'My Face; and then the Taper for revealing
'So foul a Face; 'twas I, that overcome
'With violent deſpair, ſtood deaf and dumb
'To all thy urg'd perſwaſions: it was I,
'That, in thy abſence, did reſolve to die
'A wandring Pilgrin, truſting to be led
'By Fortune, to my Death; and therefore fled:
'But ſee! the Powers above can work their ends
'In ſpight of mortals; and what Man intends

'The

"The Heavens disposse, and order the event:
"For when my thoughts were desperately bent
"To mine own ruin, I was led by fate
"Through dangers, now too tedious to relate)
"To fair Queen *Helen* Court, not knowing whither
"My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
"My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,
"I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many,
"Reliev'd by none; at Length they did acquaint
"The fair Queen *Helen* with my strange complaint;
"Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
"With mine, partaking in my miseries:
"Who, fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
"The woful case of my disastrous Fortune,
"And never rested till she did enforce
"These lips t'acquaint her with th'whole discourse
"Which done her gracious pleasure did command
"Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful Hand
"She left my foul Disease, who in the space
"Of twice ten Days, restor'd me to this Face:
"The Cure perfected, straight she sent about
"(Without my Knowledge) to enquire out
"That party, for whose sake I was contented
"T'endure such grief with patience, unrepented
"Hoping (since by her tears, and help of Art
"My Face was cur'd) even so to cure my Heart
"But when the welcome Messengers return'd
"The place of thy Abode, O how my spirit burn'd
"To kiss her Hands, and so to leave the Court:
"But she, (whose favour did transcend report
"As much as they exceeded my desert)
"Detain'd me for a while, as loth to part
"With her poor Handmaid, till at last pretending
"A Lovers haste, and freely apprehending
"So just a cause of speed; she soon befriended
"My best desires, and sent me thus attended:
"Where (under a false mark) I laid this plot,
"To see how soon my *Argalus* had forgot

"His

'His dead *Parthenia*, but my blessed Ear
'Hath heard, what few or none must hope to hear,
'Now farewel sorrow, and let old despair
'Go seek new Breasts: let mischief never dare
'Attempt our Hearts: let *Argalus* enjoy
'His true *Parthenia*; let *Parthenias* joy
'Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
'And blesse be Heaven, that brought us both together.

With that the well-nigh broken Hearted Lover,
Ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover
His long pent words: 'And do these eyes once more
'Behold what their extream despair gave o'er
'To hope for? Do these wretched Eyes attain
'The happiness to see this Face again?
'And is there so much happiness yet left
'For a broke Heart, a Heart that was bereft,
'Of power to enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?
'Breaths my *Parthenia*? Does *Parthenia* Live?

Whoever saw the Pole-affection Stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkened reason) draw
The Neighbouring-Steel, which by the mutal Law
Of Natures secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch:
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
Each other strongly in each others arms;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a World of Kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new met Lovers use to have.

Reader forbear, and let no wanton Eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by
Corrupt our Lines, or make an Obscence gloss
Upon our sober Text, and mix his Dross
With our refined Gold, extracting Sower
From sweet; and Poyson from so fair a Flower

Correct

Correct your wandring thoughts; and do not fear
To think the best; Here is no *Tarquin* here;
No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An Age of Honour, for a Night of Pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adult desire; Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem'd less dear
Their Lives than Honours, daring not to do
But what, unshamed, the Sun may pry into.
If any itching Ears desires to know
What secret Conference past betwixt these two;
To them my Muse thus answers: When your case
Shall prove the like, it will's you to embrace
True Honour, as these Noble Lovers did,
And you shall know, Till then they are forbid
To enquire further. Only this she pleases
To let you understand, that loves diseases
Being throughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again perfixt a Marriage Day
Which that it may succeed with fairer fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better Gods, That they would please t'apply
Their Griefs unto joy, and smile upon that Day.

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

BOOK III.

WHen ſturdy *March* his ſtorms are over blown
And *April's* gentle ſhowers are ſlidden down
To cloſe the wind-chap'd Earth, ſucceed-(ing *May*)
Enters her Month, whoſe early breaking-Day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie beds to view
Sweet *Maia's* Pride, and the diſcolour'd hiew
Of dewy breaſted *Flora* in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes: wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Until it fade, and wither in the Breaſt.
Now ſmooth fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iſles*:
Æolus calls in the Winds, and bids them hold (I'd
Their full-mouth'd blaſts, that breathleſs are contre-
Each one retires, and ſhrinks, into his ſeat,
And Sea-green *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat.
And thus at length, our Pinnace is paſt o're
The Bar, and rides before the *Maiden-Tower*.
Up, now in earneſt (Voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint legs, our long-boat ſtrait ſhall land ye
Forget your Travels now, and lead your Eyes
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:

You traffick not for toys: The Gods have set
No other price to things of price, but Sweat.
Chear up; call home your Hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods easily purchas'd, are as easily priz'd:
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to Compass the almighty Gravel
Of th' *Indian* Mines, to ballast your estates;
'Twas not for blasts of *Honour*, whose poor dates
Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures
But Monarchs Wills, expiring with their pleasures
'Twas not to Conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
The dangerous Title of a *Soveraign*.
These are poor things: It is but false discretion
To Toil, where hopes are sweeter than possession
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honour, *Beauty*, *Virtue*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And Heaven hath brought our Voyage to an end.
Hail noble, *Argalus* now the Cock-boat stands
Secure; step forth; spread forth thy widened hands
And take thy fairest Bride into thine Arms.
Strike up (brave Spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarms
Upon her melting Lips: Take Toll, before
Thou set her dainty Foot upon the shore:
So let her slide upon thy gentle Breast,
And feel the Ground; Then lead her to her rest.
Go Imps of Honour, let the Morning Sun
Gild your delights and spend his Beams upon
Your Marriage Triumphs, let his Western light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Turtles*, go, let trebble joys betide
The faithful Bridegroom, and his fairest Bride:
Let your own virtues light you to your rest;
To morrow come we to your Nuptial Feast.
By this the curl'd pate Waggoner of Heaven
Had finisht his diurnal course, and driven,
His panting Steeds a down the Western Hill,
When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfil

Her

Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,
To see her Brother leave the Hemisphere,
Which by the Air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd *A Pearly Dew*) upon the Ground;
Still as the Night, no Language did molest
The waking Ear; all mortals were at rest.
No breath of Wind had power to provoke
The Aspin-Leaf, or urge the aspiring smoke;
Sweet was the Air, and clear; no Star was hid;
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wild Astronomer to gaze, and look
Into the Secrets of his spangled Book;
Whilst round about, in each resounding grove,
(As if the *Choristers* of the night had strove
T'excel) the warbling *Philomele* compares,
And vies by turns her *Polyphonian* airs.
And now the horn-mouth'd Bell-man of the night
Had sent his mid-night summons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To roam and visit the securer folds,
Whilst drowzy *Morpheus* with his Leaden-Key
Locks up the Shepherds Eye-Lids, and betrays
The scatter'd flocks, which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god rises.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empress* of the night
Had resurrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retire,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his Golden-Head,
To usher *Tritan* from his Purple-Bed;
The gray Ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To open his Eastern portals, and let in
The new-born day, who having lately hurl'd
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold,
Her Purple Curtains, all befring'd with Gold:
And from the Pillow of his *Crocean* Bed,
Don Phœbus rouzes his refulgent head;

That

That with his all-discerning Eye surveys
And gilds the Mountains with his morning rays.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now at length,
Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength
Of mortal language, whole religious fires
Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.
Up *Argalus*, and d' on thy Nuptial weeds,
T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:
Enter those joys, from whence all joy proceeds;
Up *Argalus*, and d' on thy Nuptial weeds.
And thou fair Bride more beauteous than the day
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy slumber:
Thy day is come: O may thy joys out number
Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue;
Arise, and bid thy Maiden-Bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptial-Robes, time calls away;
O may thy after-days, be like this day.
By this bright Phœbus with redoubled glory,
Had half way mounted to the highest story
Of his Olympick Palace? there to see
This long expected days solemnity,
When all on sudden, there was heard, (around
From every quarter,) the Majestick sound
Of many Trumpets: All, in Consort running
One point of War, transcending far the cunning
Of mortal blasts: and, what did seem more strange,
The shrill mouth'd musick did as sudden change
To *Dorrick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,
By *Lyrick* Songs, and voices like to theirs
That charm'd *Ulysses*. Whilst the amazed Ear
Stood ravish'd at these changes, it might hear
Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to Lutes,
To Shalms, deep throated Sackbuts, and to Flutes,
And eccho-forcing Cornets, which surpast
The art of Man; This Harmony did last

Until

Until the Bridegroom came: but all men wondred
To hear the noise; some thought the Heavens had
To a new tune; and some more wiser ears (thundred
Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Sphears:*
All wondred, all Men gaz'd, and all could hear;
But none knew whence the Musick was, or where
Forthwith, as if a second Sun had rose,
And strove with greater brightness to depose
The glory of the first, the Bridegroom came
Usher'd along with Eagle-winged fame,
Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast
Inspire a thousand Trumpets, as he past.
His Nuptial Vesture was of Scarlet Dye,
So deep, as it would dazzle a weak eye
To gaze upon't; to which the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A rising Sun, imboss with purest Gold:
From whence ten thousand trails of gold came down
In waving points, like Sun-beams from that Sun,
Thus from his Chamber midst the vulgar croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected Bridegroom came, and past
Th'amazed Multitude; till, at the last,
His Herauld brought him to the Hall of State,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to discharge
The lower Volley of their joys at large.
The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd
With *Floraes* Wealth, (a bounty that she ow'd
This glorious Feast) the Walls were richly clad
With curious Tap'stry, (such as *Greece* ne're had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the Life, in Colour'd Silk and Gold,
This present story of these peerless Lovers,
Which, like a silent Chronicle, discovers
The several passages that did befal
'Twixt their first meeting, and their Nuptial:

De-

Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Presented to this Triumph, as a piece
Devoted to the Memory and Fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* Name.
No sooner was the Ceremonies ended,
(Wherein each noble spirit more contended
T' express affection, than affect th' expression
Of Courtly Rhet'rick, in bare Profession
Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
Of rudely mingled Voices flew throughout
The spatious Castle, which confus'dly cry'd,
Joy to Parthenia, *to the fairest Bride*:
Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken loose,
And Deities had meant to interpose
Their Heavenly Bodies, with the mortal tribe
Of Men; or else, intending to ascribe
Their pers'nal honour to this Nuptial)
In more than princely state enters the Hall
A glorious show of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and costly Robes, and richly laid
With Jems-unvalu'd; and each Lady wore
A Scarf upon her Arm, embroidered o're
With Gold and Pearl: thus hand in hand they past
Into the Hall, but oft their Eyes did cast
A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind
Some greater glory coming on behind.
Next after them came on the Virgin-crew
In milk-white Robes (Virgins that never knew
The sacred Myst'ries of the Marriage-bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a Maiden-head,
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joys till now)
Thus past these Buds of Nature, two by two,
Their long dis-shevel'd Tresses dangled down
With careless Art, and on each head a Crown
Of Golden Lawrel stood. Their Faces shrouded
Beneath a Vail, seem'd as the Stars were clouded
Have ye beheld in frosty Winters Even,
When all the lesser twinkling Lamps of Heaven

Are

Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of riſing *Cynthia* looks? With what a grace
She views the throne of darkneſs, and aſpires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidſt the ſmaller fires?
So after all theſe ſparks of Beauty, came
(They were but ſparks to ſuch a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the roſe-cheek'd Bride
Enters the Room; a milk-white Vail did hide
Her bluſhing Face, which ne'rtheleſs diſcloſes
Some glimps of red, like Lawn o'er ſpreading Roſes.
Thus entred ſhe. The Garments that ſhe wore
Were made of Purple Silk, beſpangled o'er
With Stars of pureſt Gold, and round about
Each ſeveral Star, went, winding in and out,
A Train of Orient-Pearl, ſo rarely wrought,
That as the Garments mov'd you would have thought
The Stars had twinkled; her diſ-ſhelv'd Hair
Hung down behind, as if the only care
Had been to reconcile Neglect and Art,
Hung looſly down, and vail'd the backer part
Of thoſe her Sky-reſembling Robes; but ſo,
That every breath would wave it to and fro, (cover)
Like flying Clouds, through which you might diſ-
Sometimes one glim'ring Star, ſometimes another:
Thus on ſhe went, her ample Train ſupported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly ſiz'd and ſorted
In Purple Robes; forthwith the Bridegroom riſes
From of his Chair; bows down and ſacrifices
The peaceful Offering of a morning Kiſs,
Upon her Lips: *To ſuch a Saint as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chooſe but bow
And offer freely the perpetual vow
Of Choice Obedience?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place
And with a poſture, full of Princely Grace,
Salutes the lovely Bride, with words expreſſing
The joyful model of a Kingdoms bleſſing.

But

But hark! The *Hymenean* Trumpet ſends
Her lateſt ſummons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble Pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the ſacred Altars ſmoke
With myrrhe and frankincenſe, the ways was ſtrow'd
With *Floraes* pride; and the expecting Croud
Have throng'd the ſtreets and every greedy Eye
Attends to ſee the Triumph paſſing by.

At length the Gates flew open: On this faſhion
Began the Triumph: Firſt a Proclamation
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*
Lord, or Knight, or whatſo'er degree,
Profeſſing Arms or Honour in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes *Heart, or claim*
A Right, or Intereſt in her Love, or Name;
Let him come forth in Perſon, or appear
By noble Proxy, if not preſent here:
And by the Excellent Honour of a Knight,
He ſhall receive ſuch Honourable right
As the juſt Sword can give. Let him now come
And ſpeak, or elſe for ever more be dumb. (came

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there
True Honours Eagle winged Herauld Fame,
Sounding a Silver Trumpet and as ſhe paſt
She ſhook the Earths Foundation with her blaſt:

Next after whom in undiſſembled ſtate
The Bridegroom came: On his right hand did wait
The God of War in Martial Robes of green,
All ſtain'd with Bleeding Hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Freſh Blood did ſeem to trinkle on the Ground.
And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would ſeem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the Bridegroom's left hand there attended
Heavens Purſuivant, whoſe brawny Arm extended
A winged *Caduceus*; he had ſcarce the might
To curb his Feet; his Feet were wing'd for flight.

Above

Above his head their hands did jointly hold
A Crimson Canopy emboſt with Gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd
Brave men at arms, whoſe *names* th' world *hallow'd*
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,
Whoſe bloods had ranſom'd & rede'm'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: Theſe were all array'd
In Robes of Needle-work, ſo rarely made,
That he which ſees them, thinks he doth *behold*
Armors of Steel, fair filleted with Gold;
And as they marcht, their Squires did advance
Before each Knight his war-like Shield & Lance.
And after theſe, the Princely Virgin Bride,
On whom all Eyes were faſten'd did divide
Her gentle paces, being led between
Two Goddeſſes, the one array'd in green,
On which the curious Needle undertook
To make a Foreſt: here, a bubling Brook
Divides two Thickets, thro' the which doth fly
The ſingle Deer, before the deep-mouth'd cry
That cloſely follows: there th' frghted Herd
Stands trembling at the Muſick, and afeard
Of every ſhadow, grazes too and fro,
Not knowing where to ſtay, or where to go:
Where, in a Landskip, you may ſee the Fauns
Following their crying Mothers ore the Lawns.
The other was in Robes, the purer Dye
Whereof did repreſent the mid-day sky (Beams
Full of black Clouds; thro' which the glorious
Of the victorious Sun appears, and ſeems
As 'twere to ſcatter; and at length to ſhed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful bed
Of noiſom weeds, from whence you might diſcern
A thouſand painful Bees extract and earn
Their ſweet proviſion: and, with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burthens: On this wife
The Princely Bride was led betwixt thoſe two;
The firſt was ſhe, that on *Acteon*'s brow

Reveng'd her naked Chaſtity; the other
Was ſhe, to whom *Joves* pregnant brain was mother
Thro' *Vulcan*'s help; and theſe did jointly hold
Upon her head, a Coronet of Gold:
Whoſe train, *Diana*'s Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With golden wreaths, ſupported from th' ground.
Next after her, upon the Triumph waited
An Order, by *Diana* new created,
And ſtyl'd, the *Ladies of the Maiden-head*,
In white, wrou't here and there with ſpots of red
And every ſpot appeared as a ſtain
Of Lovers blood, whom their coy heart had ſlain
Rankt three and three, and on each head a crown
Of Primroſes, and Roſes not yet blown.
Next whom, the beauties of th' *Arcadian* court
March'd two and two, whoſe glory came not ſhort
Of what th' unlimited and ſtudied Art
Of glory-vying *Ladies* could empart
To ſuch Solemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to be excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the Temple, where attended
The ſacred Prieſts, whoſe voices recommended
The days ſucceſs to Heaven, and did divide
A bleſſing 'twxt th' Bridegroom and the Bride;
Which done, and after low obeiſence made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid.
Welcome to Juno's *ſacred Courts: draw near:*
Unſpotted Lovers, welcome: do not fear:
To touch this holy ground; paſs on ſecure:
Our gates ſtand open to ſuch Gueſts, as you are:
Our gracious Goddeſs grants you your deſires,
And hath accepted of thſe holy fires
We offer'd in your Name, and takes a pleaſure
To ſmell your Incenſe, in ſo great a meaſure
Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay,
She crowns your vows, and ſmiles upon this day.
So ſaid, they bow'd to th' ground, and bleſt
Themſelves; that done they ſingled from th' reſt

The noble Bridegroom, and his princely Bride,
And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our Guide,*
As we are yours: And as he spake that word,
Their well-tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With Musick from the Altar, as along
They past, they gently warbled out this Song.

THus in pomp and priestly pride,
To Clericus Juno's *Altar go we;*
Thus to Juno's *Altar show we*
The noble Bridegroom and his Bride,
Let Juno's *hourly blessing send ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

May these Lovers never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice desires; but obtain
What they can wish, or she can grant
Let Juno's *hourly blessings send ye,*
As much joy as can attend ye.

From satiety, from strife,
From jealousie, domestick jars
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno *protect your Marriage life,*
Let Juno's *hourly blessings send ye,*
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymen's *sacred bands,*
We commend your chaste desertes,
That a Juno *link'd your hearts*
So he would please to join your hands
Let both their blessings send ye,
As much joy as can attend ye.

No sooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended

This princely pair (both proſtrate on the floor)
And with their hands preſented them before
The ſacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white Turtles & with prayr. beſought
That *Juno*'s laſt favours would diſcend,
And make their pleaſures, pleaſures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Poſſeſt each trembling heart with fear & wonder.
The Rafters of the holy Temple ſhook,
As if accurſed *Archimages* Book
(That curſed Legion) had been newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a miſt ore ſpread
The darken'd Altar.
At length, deep ſilence did poſſeſs and fill
The ſpacious Temple: all was whiſt and ſtill.
When from the clouded Altar, brake the ſound
Of heavenly Muſick, ſuch as would confound
With Death, or Raviſhment, the Earth bred ear,
Had not the Goddeſs given it ſtrength to bear
So ſtrong a rapture. As the Muſick ended,
The miſt on ſudden vaniſht, and aſcended
From whence it came. The Altar did appear,
And Aſhes lying, where the Turtles were:
Near which great *Hymen* ſtood, not ſeen before:
His purple Mantle was embroidered o'er. (hold
With *Crowns of Thorns*, 'mongſt which you may be-
Some here and there, (but very few) of Gold;
Upon each little ſpace, that did divide
The ſeveral Crowns a Gordian Knot was ty'd:
And turning to the Prieſt he thus began:

What means theſe fumes? ſay, what hath mortal (man
To do with us? what great requeſt? what ſuit:
Does now attend us, that they thus ſalute
Our Noſtrils, with ſuch acceptable ſavours?
Tell us, wherein do they implore the favours
Of the pleas'd Gods? for, by the eternal Throne
And Majeſty of Heaven, it ſhall be done.

Whereto

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd:
Great god; this noble Bridegroom and his Bride.
Whom we, most humble, here present before
Great Juno's *sacred Altar, do implore*
Your Gratious Aid, that with your nuptial hands
Your grace would please to tie their promis'd hands.
With that he strait descends the holy Stairs,
And with his widned Arms, divides and shares
An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said:

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
And hath granted your desires:
By the mystery of our power,
First, we consecrate this hour
To Juno's *Name, that she may bless*
Our prosperous actions with success.
With this Oyl (which we appoint
For holy uses) we anoint
Your Temples, and with Nuptial Bands
Thus we firmly join your hands:
Be join'd for ever, and let none
Presume t'undo, what we have done:
Be join'd till lawless Death shall sever
Both hands and hearts: be join'd for ever:
Eternal Curses we allot
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.

So said, he blest them both in *Juno*'s name,
And from their sight he vanisht in a flame:
That done, they rose, and with new fumes saluted
The smoaking Altar: thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where sending forth the well-accepted sound
Of thanks and vows, from their divided heart,
They kiss the sacred Altar, and depart:
And, with the self-same triumphs as they came,
Return'd, whilst the louder trump of Fame

With

With a full blaſt ſends forth a ſhrill retreat,
And reconducts them to the Hall of State,
Whoſe richly furniſht Table would invite
A bed-rid Stomach to an Appetite,
And make the waſtful Glutton that does eat
His unea n'd diet with his daily ſweat,
Behold his Heaven in a more ample meaſure,
Than he'd hopes to purchaſe with th treaſure
Of his beſt faith; ſuch were the dainties, ſuch
The Viands that I da e not think to much
To term it Paradiſe, where all things did
Offer themſelves, and nothing was forbid.
Soon as the Marſhal of this princely Feaſt
Had in his rightful ſeats plac'd every Gueſt,
A ſoft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a th ng divine.

Forth, with join'd han's, and ſmiling faces,
With habits more unequal than their paces,
A jolly pair drew near the Table, th' one
In Green: His pampered body had outgrown
His ſeam-ript Garments, all embroider'd over
With richeſt vines, whoſe fruitful leaves do cover
Their ſwelling cluſters, his out-ſtrutting eyes
Star'd in his head; his dropſy ſwollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd ſnout
Was deeply furniſht, and enrich'd about
With Carbuncles; around his brows did twine
Full laden Cluſters, raviſh'd from the Vine.

The other was a Lady, whom the Sun
With his bright rays had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her Silken Mantle was
'Twixt green and yellow, like the fading graſs:
On which were wrought enclos'd Fields of Corn
Some reap'd, ſome bound in ſhe'ves & ſome unſhorn
Welfavour'd was her count'nance plump & round
Her golden Treſſes dangled to the ground.
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of Wheat,
Wreath'd like a Garland: frequent drops of ſweat

Down

Down from her ſwarthy brown did ſilly trickle,
And in her ſun-burnt hand ſhe bare a Sickle.
Thus uſher'd with a Bag-pipe to the Table,
They both ſtood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challange Language from his breathleſs tongue
Till ſmiling *Ceres* thus began the Song.

WElcome faireſt Virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our jolly Feaſt:
Taſte what Ceres *did provide*
For ſo fair, ſo fair a Gueſt.
Bach. *Taſte what* Bacchus *did provide*
For ſo fair, ſo fair a Gueſt:
Welcome to our jolly Feaſt.
Welcome to our jolly Feaſt.
Chor. *Our conjoin'd bounties do*
Make Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*
Ceres. *Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;*
Worlds of bleſs and joy attend ye:
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres *bounty ſends ye,*
Bach. *Freely welcome both together,*
See what Bacchus *bounty ſend ye,*
Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;
Worlds of bleſs and joys attend ye.
Chor. *Our conjoin'd bounties do*
Make Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too*
Ceres. *Here is that whoſe ſweet variety*
gives you pleaſure and delight;
Makes you full without ſociety;
Waſtes the Day and haſtes the Night.
Bach. *This will rouze the Men of War*
When the Drum ſhall beat in vain,
When hir ſpirits drooping are,
This will make them riſe again,
Chor. *You that jointly do inherit*
Venus *Beauty*, Mars's *Spirit*,
Freely taſte, our bounty; ſo
Mars *ſhall ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

The

The Song thus ended, joining hands together,
They bow'd and vaniſht, none knew how nor whi-
To make relation of each quaint divice, (ther.
That art preſented to their unwearied eyes;
The nature of their mirth, of their diſcourſe
The dainties of the firſt, the ſecond courſe;
The ſecret Glances of the Bridegrooms eye
On his fair Bride, how oft ſhe bluſht, and why;
Were but to rob the Bridegroom of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Methinks it grievs me that my Pen ſhould wrong
Poor Lovers diſappointed hopes ſo long;
And it repents me ſo, that oftentimes
Methinks I cou'd be angry with my Rhimes,
And for the cruel ſins that they commit
In being tedious, ſome I wiſh unwrit.
Let it ſuffice, what glory, what delight,
What ſtate, or what to pleaſe the appetite,
The eye the ear, the fancy, in a word,
What joy ſo ſhort a ſeaſon could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expreſt
In this our nuptial, this our princely feaſt.
Thus when the board was voided, & th'Sewer
Had now reſign'd his Office with the Ewer,
The curious Linen gone; and all the rites
Perform'd, that 'long to Feſtival delights:
The light-foot *Hermes* tenters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
To depth of ſilence; tells them 'tis his task
To let them know the Gods intend a mask,
To grace theſe Nuptials; & with that he ſpread
His air-dividing pinions, and fled.

[The Mask of the Gods.]

When ſilence thus had charmed every ear
With wonder and attention, they might hear
The winged Quiriſter's of night, about
In every corner, ſweetly warbling out

Their

Their *Philomelian* Air, and wilder note,
Which Nature taught 'em to divide by wrote:
So that the Hall did ſeem a ſhady Grove,
Wherein, by turns, th'ambitious Quire ſtrove
T'excell themſelves.
While that their ears were feeding with delight
Upon theſe ſtrains. *The Goddeſs of the Night*
Enters the Scene: Her body was confin'd
Within a coal-black Mantle, thorou h lin'd
With ſable Furs: her Treſſes were of hiew,
Like Ebony, on which a pearly dew
Hung, like a Spider's web; her face did ſhroud
A ſwarth Complexion, underneath a Cloud
Of black curl'd *Cypreſs*: on her head ſhe wore
A Crown of burniſht Gold, beſhaded o're
With Fogs and dry Miſt, her hands did bear
A Scepter and a ſable Hemiſphere:
She ſternly ſhook her dewy Locks, and brake
A melancholly ſmile, and thus beſpake:
Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let ſlip
Your looſer Reins, and uſe thine idle Whip,
Thy pamper'd Steeds are purſie, drive away,
The lower World thinks long to ſee the day.
Darkneſs befits us beſt; and our delight
Will reliſh far more ſweeter in the night.
Approach (ye bleſſed ſhades) and extend
Your early juriſdiction, and befriend
Our nightly ſports: Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queen, your Sovereign calls away.
With that a ſudden darkneſs fill'd the Hall;
The light was baniſht, and the windows all
So nearly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in nor darkneſs out.
Thus while the death-reſembling ſhades of night
Had drawn their miſty Curtains 'twixt th' light,
And every darken'd eye which was deny'd
To ſee, but that, which darkneſs could not hide.

The Jealous God, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed whom he fears not) enters the Room,
And with his Club-foot groping in the shade
Of night, he mutter'd forth these words and said.

[*Vulcan*'s Speech.]

Where is this wanton Harlot now become?
Is light so odious to her, or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that she
Must still be ramb ing, where unknown to me?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* must be one?
Is't not enough, that *Phœbus* does applaud
Her lust, but must Nights Goddess be her Baud?
Darkness begon, thou Patroness to Lust;
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must,
Away, my Power shall out-charm thy charms,
I'll find her panting in her Lover's Arms.
Enter you lamplights of Terrestial fire,
And let your golden heads (at least) conspire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus* with your light.

So said, the darkn'd Hall was garnisht round
With lighted Tapers. Every object found
An Eye to own it, and each Eye was fill'd
With pleasure in the object it behold.

As these deviceful Changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,
Morpheus came in: his dreaming pace was so,
That none could say he mov'd he mov'd so slow;
His folded Arms athwart his breast, did knit
And sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Against his panting bosom as he past:
And oftentimes his Eyes were closed fast;
He wore a Crown of Poppy on his head;
And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of Lead;
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To Nights black Sovereign, he thus begun;

[*Morpheus* Speech.]

Great Empreſs of the World, to whom I owe
My ſelf, my ſervice, my perpetual Vow:
Before the Footſtool of whoſe dreadful Throne
The Princes of this lower World lay down
Their Crowns and Scepters; whoſe Victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This Globe of Earth your ſervant (whoſe dependance
Quickens his Power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early ſhadows, and to ſeize
Upon theſe wearied mortals when you pleaſe
T' appoint: till then, your ſervant is at hand
To put in execution your command.
To whom the ſmiling Goddeſs thus reply'd.

[The Goddeſs of the Nights Speech.]

Morpheus, our pleaſure is to ſet aſide
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling ſports;
Our ſleep reſtraining buſineſs much imports
You welcome abſence, whil'ſt our ears ſhall number
The flying hours: our mirth admits no ſlumber.
The word ſcarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Deſcended from her unſeen ſeat, above:
In her fair hand ſhe led her winged Son,
And like a full mouth'd Tempeſt thus began.

[*Venus* Speech to *Morpheus*.]

Diſloyal Sycophant Death's Baſtard Brother,
Accurſed Spawn, caſt from as curs'd a Mother;
That with thy baſe Impoſtures rifleſt Man
Of half his days, of half that little ſpan
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'ſt him to death, betray'ſt him with thy ſmiles
What mak'ſt thou here, and to uſurp my right
Perfidious Caitiff? *Venus* day is night:
Go to the frozen World, where mans deſire
Is made of Ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne're the warmer: Go, and viſit Fools,
Or flegmatick old Age, whoſe Spirits cools

As quickly as their breath: Go, what have we
To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought,
But to still Children, or to ease the thought
Of brain-sick Franticks: or with joys to flatter
Poor slumbring souls which wak'd find no such matt'r
Go succour those that vent by quick Retail
Their Wits, upon the dear penny-worths of Ale,
Or marrow'd Eunuchs, whose adust desire
Wants means to shake the fury of their false fire.
O that I were a *Basilysk*, that I
Might dart my Venome, or else Venom'd dye.
Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Dart,
Drawn to the Head, thrill, thrill, him to the heart
Let fly Deaths Arrow, or if thou hast none,
In Death's name send an Arrow of thine own.
We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree.
Shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.
With that the little angry God did bend
His steelen Bow, and in Death's name did send
His winged Messenger whose faithful hast
Dispatcht his ireful arrant; and stuck fast
Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
His singig Feathers in his wounded side.
Morpheus *fell down, as dead, and on the ground*
Lay for a little Season in a swound,
Gasping for breath. And Lovers Dreams (they say)
Have evermore been wanton since that day,
Venus *was pleas'd: The Goddess of the night*
Grew angry; she would needs resign her right
Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown:
And with a dusky fog, she did besmear
The face of Venus *soil'd her Golden Hair,*
With her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd
Both her, her Cuckold mate, and Bastard Child.
Whereat the God of War, *being much offended,*
Forsook both fear and patience, and descended;

And

And to the World be proffer'd to make good
Fair Venus *Honour, with his deareſt Blood.*
To whom poor Vulcan *(puffing in a rage*
To hear his well known fortune on the ſtage)
Scrap'd many a thank; and with his crouching knee
Profeſt true love to ſuch true friends as he,
And ever ſince, Experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kind to ſuch as make them ſo.

By this, God Morpheus *waking from his ſwound,*
Began to groan; and from his aking wound
Drew forth the buried ſhaft; but Mars *(whoſe word*
Admits no other Second, but his Sword)
Unſheath'd his furious Brand-Iron, and let fly
A blow at Morpheus *Head, which had well nigh*
Clov'n him in twain had not the Queen of Night
Hurl'd haſty Miſts before his darkned ſight:
So that the Sword, by a falſe-guiding aim,
Struck Vulcan's *foot,* which ever ſince was lame.
At laſt the Gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early Quarrel in the Bud:
Who fearing Uproars, with a friendly Cup
Of bleſt Nepenthe, *took the Quarrel up:*
And, for th' Offences committed, did proclaim
This Sentence in offended Juno's *Name.*

[The Sentence.]

Morpheus from hence is baniſh'd for this Night,
And not t'approach before the morning light.
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a Gueſt
Adjudg'd unfitting for a Marriage feaſt.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his Eyes put out,
Venus is cenſur'd to perpetual Night,
And not (unleſs by ſtealth) to ſee the light:
Her chiefeſt joy to be but pleaſing folly,
Perform'd with madneſs, dog'd with melancholy.

And here the Muſick did invite their paces
To meaſure Time, and by exchange of places

To

To lead the curious beholder's Eye
A willing Captive to variety.
Thus, with the ſweet viciſſitude of Mirth
They ſpent their time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had ſtudied to pleaſe man in ſuch a meaſure,
That Art could not do more t'augment their pleaſure:
And ſo they vaniſh'd.

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble Gueſts, to her renew'd Delights:
And frolick *Bacchus*, to refreſh their Souls
With a full Hand, preſents his ſwelling Bowls.
Wine came unwiſh'd, like Water from a ſource;
And delicates were mingled with diſcourſe:
What art could do to make a welcome Gueſt,
Was liberally preſented at that Feaſt.
It was no ſooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply ſtruck in Years,
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled Hand
An Hour-Glaſs, labouring with her lateſt Sand
Beneath his Arm, a buffen Knapſack hung
Stuft full of Writings in an unknown Tongue,
Chronologies, out dated Almanacks,
And Patents, that had long Surviv'd their Wax.
Unto his Shoulders Eagle-wings were joyn'd;
His Head ill thatcht before, but bald behind.
And leaning on his crooked Sythe he made
A little pauſe, and after that he ſaid.

Mortals, 'tis out, my Glaſs is run,
And with it the day is done:
Dark ſhadows have expell'd the Light,
And my Glaſs is turn'd for night,
The Queen of Darkneſs bids me ſay,
Mirth is fitter for the Day.
Upon the day ſuch joys attend,
With the day ſuch joys muſt end.
Think not Darkneſs goes about,
Like Death, to puff your pleaſures out. No

No, no, she'll lend you new delights,
She hath pleasures for the nights,
When as her shadows shall benight you,
She hath what shall still delight ye
Aged Time shall make it known,
She hath dainties of her own.
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day sports expire with day.
For this time we adjourn your feast;
The Bridegroom fain would be at rest,
And if the night pastimes displease ye.
Day will quickly come, and ease ye.

With that, a sweet Vermilian tincture stain'd
The Brides fair Cheeks: The more that she restrain'd
Her bluih, the more her disobedient blood
Did overflow; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drown that world of beauty in her face.
She blusht; (but knew not why) and, like the Moon
She look'd most red upon her going down.
But see! The smiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whisp'ring heads, as there had been
A Plot of Treason; Till at length unspi'd,
They stole away th'unwilling willing Bride.
Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial-Bed.
By this, the nobles having recommended
Their tongues to silence, their discourse being end'd
They look'd about and thinking to have done
Their service to the Bride, the Bride was gone.
And now the Bridegroom (unto whom delay
Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer stay,
Attended by his noble Guests, he enters
That Room, where th'enterchangeable Indentures
Of dearest love, lay ready to be sealed
With mutual pleasures not to be reveal'd.
His Garments grew too tedious, and their weight
(Not able to be born) do over-fraight

His weary ſhoulders: *Atlas* never ſtoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt.
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What ſudden aid he could expect; or have
From ſpeedy hands, from hands that did not waſte
The time; unleſs, perchance, by over haſte.
Mean while, a dainty warbling Breaſt, not ſtrong,
As ſweet, preſents this *Epithalamion* Song.

MAn of War, marsh bravely on,
The Field's not eaſie to be won:

There's no Danger in that War,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are;
Here's no Cold to chill thee,
A Bed of Down't thy field;
Here's no Sword to Kill thee,
Unleſs thou pleaſe to yield.
Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no Scars to number
Theſe be Wars of Cupid's *making,*
Theſe be Wars will keep you waking.
Till the early breaking Day
Calls your forces hence away.
Theſe be Wars that make no ſpoil,
Death here ſhoots his ſhafts in vain:
Though the Soldier get a foil,
He will rouze and fight again.
Theſe be Wars that never ceaſe,
But conclude a mutual peace.
Let hening and proſperous Stars
Breath ſucceſs upon theſe Wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou a Father of a Son.
A Sun that may derive from thee
The Honour of true merit,
And may to Ages, yet to be,
Convey thy Blood, thy Spirit.

Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and Crown thy Name.
And give it life, in ſpight of Death,
When Fame ſhall want both trump and breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The golden headed Charrioter of Heaven,
With what a ſpeed his prouder reins do bend
His panting Horſes to their Journeys end?
How red he looks, with what a ſwift career
He hurries to the lower Hemiſphear,
And in a moment ſhoots his Golden Head
Upon the Pillow of bluſhing *Thetis* Bed?
Even ſo the Bridegroom (whoſe deſires had wings
More ſwift than time ſwitcht on with pleaſure) ſpring
Into his Nuptial Bed: And, look how faſt
The ſtooping Faulcon clips, and with what haſte
Her Talons ſeize upon the timorous Prey;
Even ſo his Arms (impatient of delay)
His cireling Arms embrac'd his bluſhing Bride
While ſhe (poor ſoul) lay trembling by his ſide.
The Bridegroom now grows weary of his Gueſts
What Mirth of late was pleaſing, now moleſts
His tired patience: Too much ſweet offends:
Sometimes to be forſaken of our Friends,
In *Cupids* Morals, is obſerv'd to be
The fruits of friendſhip, in the beſt degree
And thus at laſt, the Curtans being clos'd,
They left them each in others Arms repos'd.

'And here my Muſe bids draw our Curtains too,
'Tis unfit to ſee what private Lovers do.
'Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over rank,
'But vail thy underſtanding with a Blank,
'Think not on what thou think'ſt. And if thou canſt,
'Yet underſtand not what thou underſtand'ſt:
'Sow not thy fruitful Heart with ſo poor ſeeds:
'Or if, perchance (unſown) they ſpring like weeds

'Uſe them like weeds, thou know'ſt not how to kill:
'Slight them, and let them thrive againſt your will:
'View them like Evils, that Art cannot prevent,
'But ſee thou take no pleaſure in their Scent
'And one thing more: When as the morning light
'Shall bring the baſhful Bride into thy ſight,
'Be not too cruel: Let no wanton Eye
'Diſturb, and wrong her conſcious modeſty:
'And if ſhe bluſh, examine not for what;
'Nay though thou ſee it (*Reader*) ſee it not.
And ſhall our ſtory diſcontinue here?
Or want a period, till another Year?
Shall we befriend theſe Lovers, with the night,
And leave them buried in their own delight,
And ſo conclude? No, it ſhall ne're be ſaid,
That Marriage-joys end in the Marriage Bed.
Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
Her happineſs on ſuch unſtable grounds;
And like a ſudden blaze, it never laſts
But as the pleaſures waxes cold, it waſtes.
Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the Light
Is even as welcome to him as the Night,
His Eyes are fix'd upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles ſhe lies ſweetly ſlumbring by his ſide,
She ſleeps; he views her; thrice his mind was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent:
Sometimes his Lips, with a ſtolen kiſs would greet
Her guiltleſs Lips; (*They ſay, ſtoln goods are ſweet.*)
At length ſhe wakes, and hides her bluſhing Cheeks
In his warm boſom, where ſhe ſafely ſeeks
For ſanctuary, where unto ſhould fly
The guilt of her protected Modeſty.
He ſmiles, and whiſpers in her deafned ear;
(*Women can underſtand, and yet not hear:*)
He ſpeaks, but ſhe (even whilſt his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did ſtop his lips from ſpeaking
When thrice three Suns had now almoſt out-worn.
The rare Solemnities that did adorn

These Princly Nuptials, and had made report
Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The Bridegroom whose endeavours were addrest,
To practice what might please his fair Bride best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalander*'s House, and Crown
Parthenia sole Commandress of her own;
Long was it ere *Kalander*'s liberal Ear
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear
The word, Farewel; Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd Excuses; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashier
One rising Head, another would appear:
Even so, whilst his ingenious love did smother
One cause of parting, he would find another.
Kalander thus at last (being over-wrought
With words, that importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, What he so long gain-said in vain.
'Tis now concluded *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalander* must not leave them so:
There is no parting, till the Aged Sire
Shall warm his Fingers by *Partheniaes* Fire.
Parthenia lues, *Kalander* must not rest,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd guest.
To morrow next, when *Titan*'s early ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day:
And, with his trembling beams had repossest
The eyes of Mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalander*'s Castle; and that night,
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of Delight*
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen, not capacious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A Potent Prince, with all his Princely Train:
It seem'd a Center to a Park, well stor'd
With Deer, whose well-thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleasure and delight; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?

The

The impatient Faulkner here may learn to ſay
Forgotten prayers, and bleſs him every day,
The patient Angler, here, may tire his wiſh
And (if he pleaſe) may ſwear and yet catch fiſh
The ſneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And n're want ſport until his Powders done;
And to conclude, there was no ſtint, no meaſure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleaſure
Thither this night the Nuptial Troop is gone
And now *Partheniaes* welcome to her own:
But would you hear what entertainment paſt?
Conceive it rather; for my Quill would waſt
Th'unthriving ſtock of my beſpoken time,
While ſuch free bounty cannot ſtand with Rhime:
But that which moſt did ſeaſon, and imbelliſh
Their choice delights, and gave the trueſt reliſh
To their beſt mirth, and pleaſures, was to ſee
With what a ſweet conjugal harmony
All things were carried. Every word did prove
To add ſome acquiſition to their love:
So one they were, that none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
What pleaſed him, would need no other cauſe
To pleaſe her too, but only his applauſe;
A happy pair, whoſe double life, but one;
Made one life double, and the ſingle, none.
Thus when th'unconſtant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her ſharpned horns, for an orb of light:
Kalander (whoſe occaſions grew too ſtrong,
And may not be diſpens'd withal too long)
Takes leave and being equal heavy hearted,
With ſad *Parthenia* for his haſte) departed:
But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
Himſelf with more advantage than alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whoſe well pleas'd deſire
Hopes nothing elſe, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need

Need not the help of any to augment
The better joys of their retir'd content;
Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight: (pleasure,
Sometimes the well-stor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure:
Where th'unmolested Herd would seem to stand,
And crave a Death at fair *Partheniaes* Hand:
Sometimes her steps would climb th'ambitious *Tower*
From whose aspiring top they might discover
A little Common-wealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his own:
Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed
Upon his Lips, and now and then a Kiss
Whose interpose like a Parenthesis,
Between their semi-circl'd arms inclos'd:
(*O what dull Spirit could be in dispos'd*
To read such Lines) and whilst upon the Book
His Eyes were fix'd, her pleased Eyes would look
Upon the graceful Reader, and espy
A story far more pleasing in his Eye.
Upon a day as they were closely seated,
Her Ears attending, whilst his Lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of Great *Alcides*; enters
A Messenger, whose countenance did bewray
A haste too serious to admit delay;
His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
Their Sealed Errand from the *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside;
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she Ey'd
The Messenger, her colour comes and goes;
Parthenia fears, and yet *Parthenia* knows
Not what to fear; her jealous Heart knows how
To fear an evil, because it fears to know:
And as he read the Lines, her Eye was fixt
Upon his Eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt

A thousand thwarting passions, Once he cast
His eyes on hers, and finding hers so fast
On his he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,
Because they blush for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read, (and having kist
Basilius name) he speedily dismist
The Messenger, with promise to obey
Basilius just commands without delay;
That done, he took *Parthenia* by the Hand,
His dear *Parthenia* by the trembling hand;
And to her greedy eye he straight presents
The Paper, ballac'd with its sad contents;
Parthenia, with a fearful slowness took it,
And with a fearful hast did overlook it;
Her face being blanched with the palid signs
Of what she fear'd too soon, she read these Lines.

Basilius Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious Name
Of Great Amphialus, *makes the Trump of Fame*
Breath nothing but his Conquests and Renown:
Whose lawless Actions Fortune strives to Crown
(In spight of Justice) with a Victors merit,
Respecting more the greatness of his Spirit,
Than justness of his cause; to the dishonour
Of Virtue, and all those that wait upon her.
And furthermore; whereas his power is known
To oppugn the Welfare of our State and Crown,
With strong Rebellion, to the high advancement
Of his disloyal glory, and inhancement
Of his perfidious name, the great increase
Of factions, and disturbance of our peace:
Likewise, whereas his high prevailing Hand
(Against the force whereof, no flesh can stand)
Could ne'er be equall'd yet, much less o'ercome,
But with Loud Triumph still does carry home

The

The ſpoils of our loſt Honour, to the Fame
Of his Rebellious Glory, and our ſhame:
We therefore in our Princely care propending
The ſerious promiſes, and much depending
On your known Courage, have ſelected you
To ſtand our Champion Royal, and renew
Our waſted Honour, with your Sword and Lance
In equal Duel. Thus you ſhall advance
The Glorius pitch of your renowned Name
With the brave purchaſe of eternal Fame:
In this you ſhall revive our dying glory,
And live the ſubject of this Ages ſtory.
(Which ſhall be read till time ſhall have an end)
And tye Baſilius *your perpetual Friend.*

To our Right Truſty and Noble
Kinſman *Argalus.*

But as ſhe read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the Lines, as if they meant to drown
Th' unwelcome meſſage, and at length ſhe ſaid,
'Ah me (my *Argalus*) was't this you made
'Such haſt to Anſwer; did that Anſwer need
'To be returned with ſo great a ſpeed?
'Can you; O can you be ſo quickly won
'To leave your poor *Parthenia*, and be gone?
To whom reſolved *Argalus* (whoſe Eye
Was fixt upon his honour) made reply,
'My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain
'The unſum'd wealth of *Pluto*; or to gain
'The ſoveraginity of the Earth without expence
'Of Blood or ſweat, without the leaſt pretence
'Of Danger, my Ambition would deſpiſe
'The eaſie Conqueſt of ſo great a prize.
'If purchas'd by thy diſcontent, or by
'The pooreſt Tear that trickles from thine Eye.
'But to recall my Promiſe, or forſake
'That Reſolution Honour bids me make
'In this behalf, or to betray that Truſt
'Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjuſt,

('And

'(And not themſelves) if they ſhould but command
'Or urge me, with an over-ſwaying hand:
'My dear *Parthenia*, Let no falſe ſuggeſtion
'Abuſe thy paſſion; or preſume to queſtion
'My deareſt love, though Honour bids us part
'Yet Honour cannot rob thee of my Heart;
'Honour that calls me with her loud alarm
'Will bring me back with Triumph to thine Arms.
'So ſaid, the ſad *Parthenia* (whoſe tears
Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue (forbears
To tempt her Language; *Griefs that are but ſmall,*
Can ſpeak, when great ones cannot vent at all.
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such ſilence ſpeaks too loud) forſook the room,
And with a breaſt, as full of penſive care,
As Honour, gave directions to prepare
His warlike Steed, his Martial attire.
And here, O thou, thou great ſupream Protectreſs
Of bolder Spirits, and the ſole directreſs
Of lofty flying Quills, which ſhall derive
To aftertimes, what Glorious Swords atchive:
And mak'ſt the actions of heroick Spirits
Perpetuate, and Crown their Names, their merits,
Illuſtrious *Clio*, aid me and inſpire
My ragged rhimes, with thy diviner fire;
Teach me to raiſe my ſtile, and to attain
A pitch, that may tranſcend the vulgar ſtrain.
Reach me a Quill, Rent from an Eagles Wing,
And let my Ink be Blood; that I may ſing
Death to the Life, Let him that reads, expound,
Each daſh a Sword, and every word a wound.
By this, the Champion Royal had put on
His Martial weeds, but haſtning to be gone,
The poor *Parthenia*, whoſe cold fit paſt
(Like thoſe in Agues) now does burn as faſt.
She leaves the lonely Room, and coming out
She finds her *Argalus* enclos'd about

With

With glittering Walls of Steel: Apparel'd round
In his bright Arms (whom she had rather found
Lock'd up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her Lips could not (poor Soul allow
Without a Sea of Tears, her last Farewel,
She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her Knees, she clasp't him by the Arm,
And looking up, she thus began to charm.

My Argalus, *my* Argalus, *my Dear*,
And wilt thou go and leave Parthenia *here?*
Wilt thou forsake me then? and can these Tears
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned Ears
And my sad suit? Can'st thou, O canst thou go,
And leave the poor distress'd Parthenia *so?*
Parthenia *sues*, Parthenia *does implore*,
Parthenia *begs, that never beg'd before*,
Remember, O remember, you are now
Under the power of a sacred Vow.
Honour must stoop to Vows, which once being
You cannot do an honourable Act.
I have a right unto you: You are mine:
I have that Interest which I'll ne'er resign
Till death. I'll never hazard to forego,
My whole Estate of Happiness at one throw.
No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast
In spight of Honour, and her nine Days blast.
Your former Acts have given sufficient proof,
To the wide World; your Valours known enough
Without a fairer Tryal; there's enow
To lose their Lives (less worthy) besides you.
'twar then a Time for Arms, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your own.
Excuse me then, that only do endeavour
To hold mine own, which now I must, or never.
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
Go danger, but Parthenia *must partake.*
Shall your Parthenia *be endanger'd then?*
Parthenia *shall be present, even when*

The ſtrokes fall thickeſt; and Parthenia *ſhall*
Suffer whate're to Argalus *may befall.*
Parthenia *in your greateſt Pain ſhall ſmart;*
Your Blood ſhall trickle from Parthenia's *Heart.*
Can Prayers obtain no place? By this dear Hand,
The ſacred Pledge of our Conjugal Band;
By all the pleaſures of our deareſt Love,
By Heaven, and all the Heavenly Powers above:
Or if thoſe motives cannot find a room,
Yet by the tender fruit, that in my Womb
Begins to Bud: or if ought elſe appear
To thy beſt thoughts more precious or more dear
By that forſake me not, although the reſt
Prevail not, Grant this firſt, this laſt Requeſt.
To whom the broken hearted *Argalus*,
Wearied, but not o'recome, made Anſwer thus:
My dear Parthenia, *thy deſires never*
Gainſaid my will, till now: Do not perſever
To crave that Boon I cannot grant: Forbear
To urge me, Reſolution hath no Ear.
Weep not, (my Joy) let not thoſe drops of thine,
That trickle from ſo fair an Eye, divine
A foul ſucceſs. Chear up a ſmile or two
Would make me half a Conqueror, ere I go.
Shine forth, and let no envious Cloud benight
The glorious Luſtre of ſo fair a Light.
Doubt not my Life; the juſtneſs of my Cauſe,
That brings me on, will quit me with applauſe:
Fear not, that ſuch a Bleſſing, ſuch a Wife
Was ere intended for ſo ſhort a Life.
Expect my ſafe return, as quick, as glorious:
My Genius tells me I ſhall live victorious.
So ſaid, as if that Paſſion had forgot
Her mother-tongue, her Tongue replied not:
But like to one ſtricken with the Thunder,
She ſtood betwixt amazement, fear, and wonder,
His Lips took leave, and as his Arms ſurrounded:
Her feeble waſte, ſhe ſtrait fell down and ſwounded.

But

But *Argalus* tranſported with the tide
And tyranny of Honour, could abide
No longer ſtay: he truſts her to the Guard
Of her own Women, left her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp, wherein he ſpent ſome Days,
In parley with *Amphialus*; and aſſays,
By all perſwaſive means to make him yield
To juſt demands, and not to ſtain the Field:
With needleſs Blood. But finding him unapt
For peaceful Counſel, being ſtrongly rapt
With his own Fame, and ſcorning to afford
His Ear to any Language, but the Sword,
He ceas'd t'adviſe him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher Dialect) wrote him this Defie.

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If ſtrong Perſwaſions, back'd with Reaſons, could
Been honour'd with your Ear, your Wiſdom would
In yielding to ſo fair a Peace, have won
As ample Glory as your Sword hath done.
You ſhould have conquer'd Souls, when now at moſt
You can ſubdue but bodies, that have loſt
The power to reſiſt. But ſince my ſuit,
Sown on ſo barren ſoil, can find no fruit,
Receive a mortal Challenge from a Hand,
Whoſe Juſtice takes a Glory to withſtand
So foul a cauſe, and labours to ſubdue
Your heedleſs Errors, whilſt it honours you.
Compoſe you then to make a Preparation,
According to your noble wanted faſhion:
And think not ſlight of ne'r ſo weak an Arm
That ſtrikes, when Juſtice ſtrikes up her Alarm.

Argalus

No ſooner had he read it, but his Pen,
With noble ſpeed, return'd theſe Lines again:

Much more renowned Argalus,
Your faithful Servant, whoſe victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now

By your brave courteſie, being ſtricken dumb
With your rare Worth, and fairly overcome,
Yet doubting not the juſtneſs of my cauſe
(That's ever ruled by the ſacred Laws
Of deareſt love) will give my Sword the power
Even to maintin it, to the lateſt hour :
I ſhall expect your coming in the Iſle,
Where with a heart, (not poiſon'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my deareſt Blood,
Your Servant ſhall be ready to make good
His juſt deſigns. Aſſured of no leſs
Than treble Fame, if crowned with ſucceſs :
If not, there's no diſhonour can accrew
In being conquer'd, and o'recome by you.
Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus* (whoſe blood did boil
To be in action) comes into the Iſle,
Clad in white Armor gilt and ſtrangely dreſt,
With knots of Womans Hair, which from his Creſt
Hung dangling down, and with their treaſure
O'erſpread his Corſlet in a liberal meaſure :
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle, round about
Beſet with Plumes, whoſe crooked beak being caſt
Into a coſtly Jewel) was made faſt
To th'ſaddle bow. Her ſpreading Train did cover
His Crooper, whilſt the Trapers ſeem'd to hover
Like Wings, that to the fixt Beholdeas Eye,
As the Horſe pranc'd, the Eagle ſeem'd to fly.
Upon his Arm (his threatning Arm he wore
A ſleeve all curiouſly embrodered o're
With bleeding Hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe crois times when fortune ſo betray'd
Their ſecret Love, and with a ſmiling frown
Daſh'd their falſe hopes) as Copies of their own
Upon his Shield (for his Device) he ſet (met
Two neighb'ring Palms, whoſe building branches

And

And twin'd together; the obſcure Impreſs
Imported this, *Thus flouriſhing, as theſe*
His Horſe was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail, On his proud back
A coal black Liſt; his Noſtrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his ſparkling Eye deſcry'd
An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his haſty Hoofs, as if he ſcorns
The Earth, or ill his tab'ring Feet had found
A way to go, and yet n're change the ground.
By this *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes Years) was landed in the Iſle,
In all reſpects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment as the Sword
And launce could give, and at the trumpets ſound
The S teeds (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) ſtart, and with ſmooth run
Their ſtaves declining with unſhaken cuning ning
Perform'd their Maſters Will, with angry ſpeed.
But *Argalus* his well inſtructed Steed
Being hot, and full of Courage, (fiercely led
By his own Pride) preſt in his prouder head;
The which when ſtout *Amphialus* eſpy'd
(Well knowing it unſafe to give his ſide)
Preſt in likewiſe, ſo that both Men and Horſe,
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground. But by accuſtom'd skill
And help of Fortunes hand, that ſuccours ſtill
Bold Spirits, ſhun'd the danger of the fall,
And had (leſs fear'd than hurt) no harm at all.
They drew forth their Swords, which now begun
To do what their left Staves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a Leaguer? in what ſort
The deep mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort
And how by Peace-meals it doth batter down
The yielding Walls of the beſieged Town?
Even ſo their Swords (whoſe oft repeated blows
Could find no Patience yet to enterpoſe

A breathing reſpite) with re-doubled ſtrength
So hew'd their proofleſs Armors, that at length
Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And piece by piece they dropt upon the ground
Truſting their Bodies to the bare defence
Of Vertue, and unarmed Innocence.
Such deadly blows were dealt, and ſuch requited
That *Mars* himſelf ſtood raviſht and affrighted
To ſee the cruel Combat: every blow
Did act two parts; both ſtruck and guarded too
At ſelf-ſame inſtant. So incomparable
Their skilful quickneſs was, that none was able
To ſay, (although their watchful Eyes attended
The ſtrokes) made the blow, or who defended.
Long was it e're their equal skill or force
Of Arms could ſhew a better or a worſe,
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never Eye beheld
More equal odds. No Wound as yet could ſhow
A drop of waſted Blood, yet every blow
Was full of Death. *When skilful Gameſter play*
The Chriſtmas Box gains often more than they.
At length the Sword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirſted ſo long in vain till now, nor ever
Made Victory doubtful for ſo long a ſpace)
Haſtned a wound on the diſarmed Face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithful Shield born part; and been
An equal ſharer, his unequal Foe,
No doubt, had ſum'd his Conqueſt in that blow
With that the ſtout *Amphialus*, whoſe harm
Gave ſprightly quickneſs to his wounded arm,
Up heav'd his thirſty Brandiron, and let fly
A down right blow; but with a falſifie
Reverſt the ſtroke, and left a gaping Wound
In his right arm. But *Argalus* that found
A loſs of Blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage cloſely lay.

Upon

Upon a lower Guard; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting
For whilſt *Amphialus* (whoſe hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conqueſt, proclaim'd
Undoubted Victory) heap'd his ſtrokes ſo faſt
As if each blow had ſcorn'd to be the laſt,
The watchful *Argalus* (whoſe nimble Eye
Diſpos'd his time, in only putting by)
Put home a thruſt, (his right foot coming in)
And pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been
No leſs than Death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
A miſchief to advantage) had forborn
To ſhew a miracle; for with that Blow
Amphialus laſt made, his Arm had ſo
O'er ſtruck it ſelf, that ſideward to the Ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that Wound
Which (had he ſtood) had enter'd in point blank,
But, falling only graz'd upon his Flank:
Being down, brave *Argalus* his threatning Sword
Bids yield. *Amphialus* not anſwering a Word,
(As one whoſe mighty Spirit did diſdain
A life of Alms) but ſtriving to regain
His Legs, and Honour, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the ſtrength a wounded Arm could give,
Upon his Head; but his hurt Arm (not able
To do him preſent ſervice, anſwerable
To his deſires) let his Weapon fall
With that *Ampialus* (though daz'd withal)
Aroſe, but *Argalus* ran in, and graſpt
(Being clos'd together) with him were both claſpt
And grip'd each in th' unfriendly Arms of either,
A while they grapled, grapling fell together,
And on the Ground, with equal forune ſtrove,
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And ſometimes *Argalus*. Both jointly vow'd
Revenge: both wallow'd in their mingled Blood,
Both bleeding freſh. Now *Argalus* bid yield,
And now *Amphialus*. Both would win the Field.

Yet

Yet neither could; at last, by free consent,
They rose and to their breathed Swords th'vent:
The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the Fight had been but new begun:
New wounds asswage the smarting of the old,
And warm blood intermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whose wounded Arm had lost
More blood, than all his Body could almost
Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends,
So long as he hath either stock, or friends)
Bled more than his spent fountain could make good
His Spirit could give Courage, but not blood.
As when two wealthy Clyents, that wax old
In suit (whose learned Counsel can uphold,
And gloze the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to say,
Who prospers best, or who shall get the day,
But he, whose Water first shall cease to flow,
And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,
His cause (though richly laden to the brink
With right) shall strike upon the bar and sink;
And then an easie Counsel may unfold
The doubt; the question's ended with the Gold
Even so our Combatants, the whilst their Blood
Was equal spilt; the cause seem'd equal good,
The Victory equal, equal was their Arms.
Their hopes were equal, equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his wasting blood
Ebb'd in his Veins, [although it made a flood
A precious flood, in the ungrateful Field)
His cause, his strength but not his heart must yield
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that *Amphialus* whose noble strife
Was but to purchase Honour, and not Life.
Perceiving what Advantage in the Fight
He gained, and the Valour of the Knight,

Becam-

Became his ſuitor, that himſelf would pleaſe
To pity himſelf, and let the Combat ceaſe:
Which noble *Argalus* that never us'd
In honour to part ſtakes, with thanks refus'd:
(Like to a luckleſs Gameſter; who, the more
He looſes is leſs willing to give o're)
And filling up his empty Veins with ſpite,
Begins to ſum his Forces, and unite
His broken ſtrength, and (like a lamp that makes
The greateſt blaze at going out) he takes
His Sword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft Armor, Shield, and Arm, almoſt in two.
But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pity; and truſting to his Cards, he ſets
That ſtock of Courage treaſur'd in his Breaſt,
Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his reſt:
And views ſuch blows, as *Argalus* could not ſee
Without his loſs of Life: ſo thundred he
Upon his wounded Body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open ſluce of blood, that found
No hand to ſtop it, till the doleful cry
Of a moſt beautous Lady, who (well-nigh
Had run her ſelf to death) reſtrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing farther harm.

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that Night
Had dreamt ſhe ſaw her Husband in that plight
She now had found him: Fear and Love together
Gave her no reſt, till they had brought her thither
The nature of her fear did now begin
To expel the fear of Nature ſtepping in
Between their pointed Swords, the proſtrate lay
Before their blood-bed bled feet, to ſay
She knew not what; for as her lips would ſtrive
To be deliver'd a deep ſigh would drive
The abortive iſſue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, periſh'd in the Birth:
And if her Sighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it:

But when the wind of her loud ſighs had laid
The ſhower of her tears, ſhe ſob'd and ſaid;
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailful ſight!
O Day of Darkneſs! O Eternal Night!
And there ſhe ſtopt; her Eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus, ſhe ſigh'd and thus went on.

My Lord,
'Tis ſaid you love: then by that ſacred Power
Of love, as you'll find mercy in that Hour
Of greateſt miſery, leave off, and ſheath
Your bloody Sword: or elſe, if nought but death
May ſlake your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a ſufficient Offering at the ſhrine
Of your appeaſed thoughts, or, if you thirſt
For Argalus *his Life then take mine firſt:*
Or, if for Noble Blood you ſeek, if ſo,
Accept of mine; my Blood is Noble too,
And worth the ſpilling: Even for her dear ſake
Your tender Soul effects, awake, awake,
Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whither;
Let me Die firſt, or kill us both together.
With that *Amphialus* was about to ſpeak.
But (*Argalus* whoſe heart did almoſt break
To hear *Partheniaes* words) made this Reply.
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *then muſt I*
Be bought and Sold for Tears? Is my condition
So poor, I cannot Live, but by Petition?
So ſaid, he ſtept a ſide (for fear, by chance
The fury of ſome miſguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia* (and fill'd with high diſdain
Would have begun the Combat freſh again.
But now *Amphialus* was Charm'd? his Hand
And no ſufficient warrant to withſtand
Partheniaes ſuit, from whoſe fair Eyes there came
Such precious tears in ſo belov'd a Name.
His Eyes grew tender, and his melting Heart
Was overcome, his very Soul did ſmart:

He

He ſtirred not, but kept him at a diſtance:
And (putting by ſome blows) made no reſiſtance.
But what can long endure? Lamps wanting Oil,
Muſt out at laſt, although they blaze a while.
Trees wanting ſap muſt wither; ſtrength and Beauty
Can claim no Priviledge to quit that Duty
They owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(Th' unſound ſupporters failing) muſt decline.
Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and muſt give o're
To ſtrike; his feeble arm can ſtrike no more:
And natures pale fac'd Baily now diſtrains
His blood for that ſmall debt which yet remains
Unpaid. His Arm that cannot uſe the Point,
Now leans upon the Pomel; every joint
Diſclaims their idle ſinews; and his Eye
Begins to double every object by.
Nothing appears the ſame it was: the ground
And all thereon does ſeem to dance the round.
His legs grow faint, and thinking to ſit down,
He miſt his Chair, and fell into a ſwoon.
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haſte, *Amphialus* began
To looſe his Helmet whilſt her buſie Palm
Chaf'd his cold Temples, and (diſtilling Balm
Into his Wounds) her haſty fingers tore
Her linnen ſleeves, and Tarlet that ſhe wore,
To wipe the tear-mix'd-blood away, and wrap
His Wounds withal: upon her panting lap
She laid his liveleſs head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made ſo long) did freely rend
Her dainty Hair, by handfuls from her head.
But as ſhe wrapt the wounds her Eyes would ſhed
And wet the rags ſo much, that ſhe was fain
With ſighs and ſobs to dry it up again,
Thus half diſtracted with her griefs and fears,
Theſe words ſhe intermingles with her tears.

Diſtreſt

'Diſtreſt *Parthenia*! Into what eſtate
'Hath Fortune, and the direful hand of Fate,
'Driven thy perplexed Soul! O thou, O thou,
'That wert the Preſident of all Joys, but now,
'Now turn'd th' example of all miſery
'For Torments, worſe then Death, to practice by!
'How leſs than nothing art thou? and how more
'Than miſerable! Thou that wert before
'All Ladies of the Earth for happineſs,
'But very now (ah me!) now nothing leſs:
'O angry Heav'n, what hath *Parthenia* done,
'To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
'If guilty? what ſhall poor *Parthenia* do?
'To whom ſhall ſhe complain? alas! or who
'Shall give relief? nay, who can give relief
'To her that hopes for ſuccour from her grief?
'O death! muſt we be parted then for ever,
'And never meet again? what, never, never?
'Or ſhall *Parthenia* now be ſo unkind,
'To leave her *Argalus*, and ſtay behind?
'No, no, my deareſt *Argalus*, make room,
'(There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.

Who ever ſaw a dying Coal of Fire,
Lurk in warm Embers (till ſome breath inſpire
A forc'd revival) how obſcure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
So *Argalus*, to whom *Partheniaes* breath
Give new Life, (a Life in ſpight of Death)
Recall'd him from his Death reſembling trance;
Who from a panting Pillow did advance
His feeble Head, and looking up, he made
Hard ſhift to force a Language, and thus ſaid:

'*My dear* Parthenia: *Now my Glaſs is run,*
The Tapers tell me, that the Play is done.
My day are ſum'd, Death ſeizes on my heart,
Alas! the time is come, and we muſt part:
Yet by my better hopes grim Death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, *no other ſting*

But

But this, that I must leave thee, even before.
My grateful actions can cross the score
Of thy dear merits,
But since it pleases him, whose wisd m still
Dispenses all things by his better will,
Depend upon his goodness, and relie
Upon his pleasure, not enquiring why,
And trust that one day, we shall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:
Mean while Live happy: Let Parthenia make
No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake
In all her joys on Earth, which shall increase
His joys in Heaven, and Souls eternal peace.
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful Argalus; let no thought renew
My last disgrace, Think not the Band of fate
Made me unworthy, th ugh unfortune.

And as he spake that word, his Lips did vent
A sigh, whose violence had well nigh rent
His heart in twain; and when a parting kiss
Had giv'n him earnest of approaching bliss,
He snatch'd his Sword into his Hand and cry'd,
O Death! thou art a Conqueror, and Dy'd.
With that *Parthenia* whose livelihood was found
Upon his Life, bow'd down her head and swounded:
But grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer Day.
Else had *Parthenia* Dy'd, since Death depriv'd
Him of his Life, in whose dear Life she liv'd.
But ah! *Partheniaes* sorrow was too deep,
Too too unruly to be lull'd asleep
By ought but death: She startles from her swound,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground;
Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm Lips, but finding his breath gone
Grief plays the Tyrant, fierce Distraction drives her
She knows not where, unbounded Rage deprives her

Of Sense and Language, here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what she does,
Sometimes her fair misguided hand would tear
Her beauteous face, sometimes, her tressed Hair
As if their use could stand her in no steed,
Since her belov'd *Argalus* was Dead.
But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
Stood like an Idol fastned to his place,
Where with a world of tears he did bemone
The deed, that his unlucky Hands had done)
Well-knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not ease the misery of her woful state,
Spake not, caus'd her Woman that came with her
To urge her to the Ferry, where together
With her Dead *Argalus* sh'imbark'd; from whom
She would not part. No sooner was she come
To t'other shore, but all the Funeral state
Of Military Discipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil'st troops of trickling Eyes
Fore-ran the well perform'd solemnities,
The Marshal-Trumpet breath'd her doleful sound
Whil'st others trail'd their Ensigns on the ground.
Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
Upon a Chariot, lin'd, and overlaid
With Sables, to his House, a House, than Night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*;
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for Virtue, and deserv'd renown.
Where now we leave him to be full possest
Of endless Peace, and everlasting rest.
But who shall Comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
What Oratory can prevail? or how
Can Counsel chuse, but blush to undergo
So vain a task, and be contemned too?
May reason move a heart, whose best relief
Consists in desp'rate yielding to a grief,
Or what advice can relish in her ears,
That weeps; and takes a pleasure in her tears;

Readers,

Readers forbear, ſorrows that are lamented
Are but exulcreated, but augmented
Forbear t'attempt, where there is no prevailing,
A deſp'rate grief grows ſtronger by bewailing.
Leave her to Time and Fortune: Let your Eyes
No longer pry into her miſeries:
True mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truly grieves, deſires to grieve alone.
But now our Blood-hound *Muſe* muſt draw & track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combat: Where, if Fortune pleaſe
To Crown our Tragick Scene, and to appleaſe
The crying Blood of *Argalus* with Blood,
Our better reliſh'd ſtory (making good
Your hopeful expectations) ſhall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end,
Soon as the ſtout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his Wounds, and made return
Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
His new-got honour, and to entertain
Aggrieved Challengers, that ſhall demand,
Or ſeek for ſatisfaction from his hand?
An armed Knight came prancing o'er the Plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing forth Diſdain.
Four Damſels uſher'd him in Sable Weeds;
And four came after, all on mourning Steeds:
His Curious Armour was ſo Painted over
With lively ſhadows, that you might diſcover
The Image of a gaping Sepulcher:
About the which, were ſcatter'd here, and there
Some dead mens bones; His Horſe was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beſet
With branches, ſlipt from the ſad Cypreſs Tree,
His baſes (reaching far below the knee)
Embroidered o'er with Worms upon his ſhield,
For his impreſs, he had a beauteous Child,
Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead, the t'other (drawing on)

Did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,
This Motto was subscrib'd, *From Death by Death*,
Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who sent as quick reply.
Forthwith being summon'd, by the Trumpets sound
They start; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The Knight had mist his rest, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let
His Launce defend, not (bravely passing by)
Encounter his befriended enemy.
Whereat the angry Knight (not apt to brooke
Such unsupportable mishap) forsook
His white mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside
(Which too too partial Fortune had deny'd
A fair success) drew forth his glittering Sword:
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhorr'd
A Conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his Sword; and for a little space
Their strokes contended with an equal pace,
And fiercenes: He herein did more discover
Bravery, than anger, whilst the other
Bewray'd more spleen, than either skill, or strength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more than wonted Ease, did batter so
His ill defended Armour, that each blow,
Open'd a Door for Death to enter in.
And now the noble Conqueror does begin
To hate so poor a Conquest, and disdain'd
To take a Life, so easily obtain'd.
And mov'd with pitty, (stepping back) he staid
His unresisted violence, and said,
Sir Knight, conteſt no more, but take the peace
Of your own paſſion: Let the Combat ceaſe,
Seek not your cauſeleſs Ruine; turn your Arm
(Better employ'd) gainſt ſuch as wiſh you harm;
Husband your Life, before it be too late;
Fall not by him, that ne'r deſerv'd your hate.

To

To whom, the Knight return'd theſe words again;
Thou lyeſt, falſe Traytor, and I here diſdain
Both words and mercy with a baſe defie,
And to thy Throat my Sword ſhall turn the lie
To whom *Amphialus*; *Uncivil Knight,*
Couragious in nothing, but in ſpight,
And baſe diſcourteſie, thou ſoon ſhalt know
Whether thy Tongue betrays thy heart or no.
And as he ſpake, he gave him ſuch a wound
Upon the Neck, ſtruck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his Sword) that now deny'd
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his ſide.
That done, he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
To make his over-laviſh Tongue repent
Of theſe baſe words he had ſo baſely ſaid,
Or elſe, to crop him ſhorter by the Head.
Who ever ſaw th' illuſtrious Eye of Noon
(New broken from a gloomy Cloud) ſent down
His earth rejoycing Glory, and diſplay
His golden beams upon the Sons of Day:
Even ſo, the Helmet being gone, a fair
And coſtly treaſure of upbraided Hair
O'erſpread the ſhoulders of the vanquiſht Knight,
Whoſe now diſcover'd Viſage (in deſpight
Of neighb'ring Death) did witneſs and proclaim
A ſoveragin Beauty in *Partheniaes* Name,
And ſhe it was indeed, ſee how ſhe lies
Smiling on Death, as if her bleſſed Eyes
(Bleſt in their beſt deſires) had eſpied
His Face already, for whoſe ſake ſhe died.
The Lillies and the Roſes (that while ere
Strove in her Cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their Truce, and freſhly fall'n to blows,
Behold the Lilly hath o'rcome the Roſe.
Her Alabaſter neck (that did out-go
The Doves in whiteneſs, *Or the new fall'n Snow*)
Was ſtain'd with blood, as if the red did ſeek
Protection there, being baniſh'd from her Cheek.

So full of ſweetneſs was her Dying Face,
That Death had not the power to diſplace
Her native Beauty; only by tranſlation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer faſhion.
But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and ſhame
Of this unluckly victory, did claim
An equal intereſt) proſtrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his Sword, his Armour, his hour of Birth;
Caſting his Helmet and his Gauntlet by,
His undiſſembled tears did teſtifie
What Words could not: But finding her eſtate
More apt for help than grief (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curſed hands) did proffer
Their needleſs help; and with his Life to ſhow
What honour a devote heart could do.
Whereto *Parthenia* (whoſe expiring breath)
Gave ſpeedy ſigns of a deſired Death)
Turning her fix'd (but oft recalled) Eyes,
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done what I deſire,
What I expect and if againſt your will,
The better; ſo I wiſh your favours ſtill.
Yet one thing more (if Enemies may ſue)
I crave, which is, to be untouch'd by you
And as for honour, all that I demand,
Is not to purchaſe honour from your hand.
No, no, 'tis no ſuch bargain made, That he
Whoſe hands, had kill'd my, Argalus, *ſhould help me.*
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more,
And for the deeds ſake I forgive the Doer.
What then Remains? but that I go to reſt
With Argalus, *and ſo be re-poſſeſt*
Of him, with him for ever to abide;
E'er ſince whoſe death I have ſo often died.
And there ſhe fainted (even as if the Clock
Of Death had given a warning e're it ſtruck

But ſoon returning to her ſelf again;
Welcome ſweet death, ſaid ſhe, whoſe minutes pain
Shall crown this Soul with everlaſting pleaſures:
Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leiſure.
Delay me not, O do me not that wrong,
My Argalus *will chide I ſtay ſo long*
O now I feel the Gordian *knotted bands*
Of Life unty'd; O Heavens! into your hands
I recommend my better part, with truſt
To find you much more merciful than juſt;
(Yet truly juſt withal) O Life! O Death!
I call you to a witneſs, that this breath
Ne're drew a blaſt of comfort ſince that Hour
My Argalus *Died. O thou eternal Power,*
Shroud all my faults beneath the milk white vail
Of thy dear mercy: and when this Tongue ſhall fail
To ſpeak; O then,

And as ſhe ſpake (*O then*) O then ſhe left
To ſpeak; and being ſuddenly bereft
Of words, the fatal Siſter did divide
Her ſlender twine of Life, and ſo ſhe dy'd.
So dy'd *Parthenia*, in whoſe cloſed eyes
The world of Beauty and Perfection lies
Lock'd up by Angels (as a thing divine)
From Mortal Eyes, whilſt her Vertues ſhine
In perfect Glory, in the Throne of Glory.
Leaving the World no Relick, but the ſtory
Of Earths Perfection, for the mouth of Fame
To conſecrate to her eternal Name,
Which ſhall ſurvive, (if Muſes can divine)
(Tho' not in theſe poor Monuments of mine)
To the end of days, and by theſe looſer Rhimes,
Shall be deliver'd to ſucceeding times.
So long as Beauty ſhall but find a friend,
Partheniaes laſting Fame ſhall never end.
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaſt,
Be held a ſin, *Partheniaes* Name ſhall laſt.

Thus

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of Honour, he forsook the Camp;
And like a willing Pris'ner was confin'd
To the strict limits of a troubled mind.
No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none t'attest the deed;
None to give Sentence in the Judgement-Hall;
Himself was Witness, Jury, Judge, and all:
Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our Eyes
Upon *Parthenia*'s Woman, whose fierce cries
Inforce a helpless Audience: *It is said,*
When Troy *was taken. such a cry was made.*
One snatcht *Partheniaes* Sword resolv'd to die
Partheniaes Death: Another raving by,
Strove for the Weapon; through which eager strife,
They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.
Others, whom wiser Passion had taught how
To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
Their careless Bodies on the Purple Floor:
Where sprinkling dust upon their heads they tore
Their tangled hair, and Garments drench'd in tears;
And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* blessed Ears
Could hear the voice of grief, such griefs as would
Return her from her Glory, if they could.
Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true passion,
Where griefs were cloathed in a several fashion
Sometimes their sorrow would recall to view
Her vertue, chastness, sweetness, and renew
The inwasted Passions, and oft time they bann'd
Themselves for 'beying her unjust Command.
And now by this the mournful trump of Fame
(Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclaim
And spread her doleful tidings, whilst all ears
And eyes were fill'd with Death and sliding tears.
Pity and Sorrow mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold subject of all Passion.
Grief went her Progress through all hearts, and none
From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne

Could

Could own a thought, whose best advice could hope
The smallest respite from th'extreams of sorrow.
But all this while, *Basilius* princely breast
As it commanded, so out-griev'd the rest;
His share was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep
And close; what once they entertain, they keep
With violence: the violence of his passion
Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation.
But soon as grief had done her private rights
And dues to *Honour*; *Honour* (that delights
In publick Service, and can make the breath
Of Sighs and Sobs to triumph over Death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her Train,
And military Pomp to entertain
Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
The paths of Death; and, with sad triumph lead
The slumbring Body to that Bed of rest
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred Ashes: there intombed, lay
The Valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a Year,
Visit the Ruins of their Sepulchre:
And in memorial of their faithful Loves,
There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
They Yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* Name,

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the Blossom on a Tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the Morning to the Day:
Or like the Sun, or like the Shade,
Or like the Gourd that Jonas had:
Even such is Man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done,

The Rose withers, the Blossom blasteth,
The Flower fades, the Morning hasteth;
The Sun sets, the Shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and Man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight.
Or like a Morning clear and bright,
Or like a Frost, or like a Shower,
Or like the pride of Babel's Tower,
Or like the Hour that guides the Time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime:
Even such is Man, whose Glory lends
His Life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish, the Morn o're casteth,
The Frost breaks, the Shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the Hour spends
The Beauty fades, and man's Life ends.

F. Quarles.

I.

MY Sins are like the Hairs upon my head,
And raiſe their Audit to as high a ſcore:
In this they differ; Theſe do daily ſhed,
But ah! my Sins grow daily more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my Sins;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.

II.

My Sins are like the Sands upon the ſhore,
Which every Ebb, lays open to the Eye:
In this they differ; Theſe are cover'd o're
Which every Tide; my Sins ſtill open lye.
If thou wilt make my Head a Sea of Tears;
O they will hide the Sins of all my Years.

III.

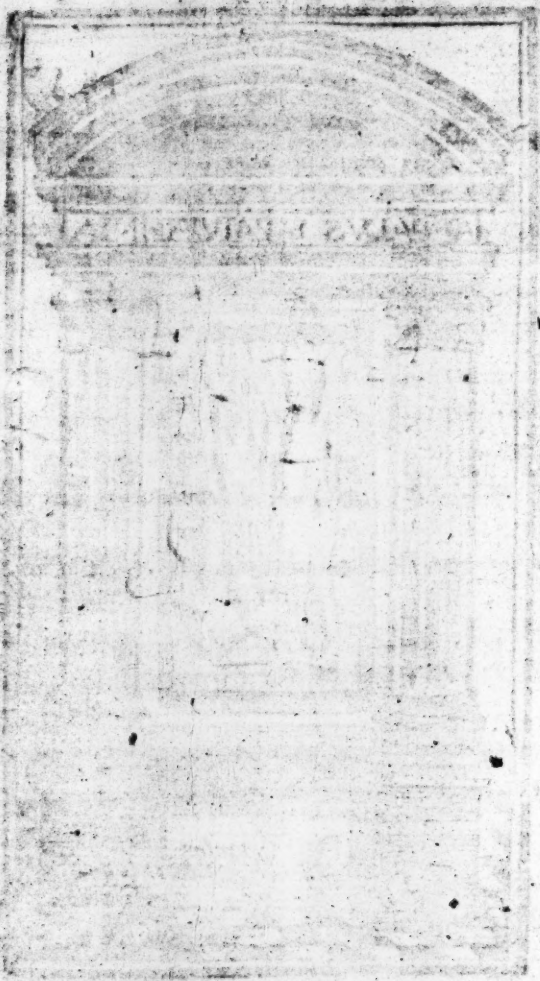
My Sins are like the Stars within the Skies,
In view, in number, even as bright, as great.
In this they differ; Theſe do ſet and riſe;
But ah! my Sins do riſe. but never ſet.
Shine Sun of Glory, and my ſins are gone
Like twinkling Stars, before the riſing Sun.

F. Quarles.

The Mind of the Frontiſpiece.

READER behind this Silken Front's piece
lies
The Argument of our Book, which to
your Eyes.
Our Muſe (for ſerious Cauſes, and beſt
known
Unto her ſelf) commands ſhould be un-
ſhown:
And therefore, to that end ſhe hath thought
fit
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your Eye and
it.

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA
BY
Fra. Quarles



ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.

LONDON.

Printed for *M. R.* and to be Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

Anno Dom. clɔ. lɔ. c. l. xxxxvii.

ARGALUS
AND
PARTHENIA

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.

LONDON.

To the Reader.

READER,

I Present thee here with an History of Argalus and Parthenia, the Fruits of broken Hours. It was a Cion taken out of the Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious Memory; which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-ſtock, to mine own. It hath brought forth many Leaves, and promiſes pleaſing Fruit, if malevolent Eyes blaſt it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier from a Country-man: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have preſidents for it; and let ſuch know that I have taken but one Play-day in ſix: However, I ſhould beſtrew that Hand that binds them all together to make one Volume. In this Diſcourſe, I have not affected to ſet thy Underſtanding on the Rack, by the Tyranny of ſtrong Lines which (as they fabulouſly report of China Diſhes) are made for the third Generation to make uſe of, and are the meer Jeſt of Wit, under the colour of which, many have ventured (truſting to the Oedipan conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write nonſenſe, and feloniouſly father the created expoſitions of other Men; not unlike ſome Painters, who firſt make the Picture, then from the Opinion of better Judgments, conclude whom it reſembles. Theſe Lines are ſtrong enough for my Purpoſe: If not for them, yet read them; and yet Underſtandings may be magnified by their weakneſs. Reader thou ſhalt in the progreſs of this Story, meet with a

seeming Solecism, which is this: Demagoras *hit so foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair* Parthenia *is fully expreſt; and yet, the revenge thereof paſt over in ſilence, wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuſtly. When* Prometheus, *ſtole Fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial Bodies, the ſeverer Gods for puniſhment of ſo high a Sacriledge, ſtruck him not dead with a ſudden Thunderbolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The ſame kind of Torture had* Ixion; *ſo had* Siſyphus, *ſo had* Tantalus: *Did then* Demagoras *fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and ſhould his puniſhment be leſs? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands what could you have had more? his accurſed Memory had ſoon rotted with his baſer name, and there had been an end of him: In which reſpect, I have ſuffered him to live, that he may ſtand like a Jack a Lent, or a Shroving Cock, for every one to ſhend a Cudgel at, to the Worlds end. Ladies, (for in your ſilken Laps I know this Book will chuſe to lie, which being far fetched, if the* Stationer *be wiſe, will be moſt fit for you) my ſuit is, That you would be pleaſed to give the fair* Parthenia *your noble Entertainments: She hath croſt the Seas for your Acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you: To whoſe gentle Hands I recommend her, and kiſs them.*

Dublin, this Fourth, of March 1621.

Fr. Quarles.

Argalus

Argalus and *Parthenia.*

BOOK I.

WIthin the Limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath enricht the Hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural Art,
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double Heart
To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal Trophies of a pastoral Name:
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in actick Days,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays:
To all the World, and with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love, whilst her proud Flocks did feed
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Ænead* proudly sings
Heroick Conquests of victorious Kings:
There (if th' exuberance of a Word may swell
So high, that Angels may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory
Whose rare composure did abstract the Story
Of true Perfection, modellizing forth
The height of Beauty, and admired worth;
Her Name *Parthenia* whose unnam'd descent
Can serve but as a needless Complement

To gild Perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.
Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep Age
More fill'd with Honour, than diseases; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in Speech, but liberal of her Ear;
Fierce to her Foes, and violent where she likes;
Wedded to what her own Opinion strikes:
Frequent in Alms, and Charitable Deeds,
Of mighty Spirit, constant to her Beads
Wisely suspicious; but what need we other,
Than this? She was the fair *Parthenia*'s Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose Heavenly Eye
Sits Maiden mildness mixt with Majesty;
Whose secret Power has a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive, or kill;
Her Cheeks are like two Banks of fairest Flowers
Inricht with Sweetness from the twilight showers
Whereon those jars, which were so often bred,
Composed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory
As if that Nature to so rare a Piece
Had meant a Shadow; labouring to show,
And boast the utmost that her Hand could do:
Like smallest Flax appear'd her Nymp-like Hair,
But only Flax was not so small, so fair:
Her Li[p]s like Rubies, and you'd think within,
Instead [of] Teeth, that orient Pearls had been:
The whi[te]ness of her dainty Neck you know,
If ever [you] beheld the new fallen Snow;
Her Swa[n]like Breasts were like to little Sphears
Wherein [the] azure line in view appears,
Which [is] they obvious but to every Eye,
All libera[l] Arts would turn Astronomy:
Her slender Waist, her Lilly-Hands, her Arms,
I dare not set to view, because all Charms
Forbidden are: My bashful Muse descends
No lower Steps, here her Commission ends.

And by another Virtue doth enjoyn.
My Pen to tread Perfection more divine,
The chaſt *Diana*, and her Virgin Crew,
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue;
In after Ages, which we find expreſt,
And here fulfill'd in Chaſt *Partheniaes* Breaſt;
Title vertue was the object of her Will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
H'r thou hes were noble and her words not laviſh
Yet free, but wiſely weigh'd more apt to raviſh,
Than to entice; leſs beautifi'd with art,
Than natural ſweetneſs: In her gentle Heart
Judgment tranſcended; from her milder Breſt,
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt;
Her voice excell'd; nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice
To take her for ſome ſmoothed fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel* that had been
A noble ſharer in th' eternal Joys,
Such was her voice, ſuch was her heavenly voice
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick but not laſh courteous, and yet not common
Not too familiar, and yet ſcorning no Man:
In briefe, who would relate her Praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what 'tis t' excel.
When theſe Perfections had enhanc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honor, ſpreads her haſty Wings
Advanced her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And with her full mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclaim
Th' unmated glory of *Partheniaes* Name:
Who now but Fair *Parthenia*! what Report
Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But Fair *Partheniaes*? Every ſolemn Feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honour'd and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Partheniaes* glory,
And every Mouth muſt breath *Partheniaes* ſtory.

The